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JANUARY 11, 1966

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

Anthony Lejeune

CAN BRITAIN STOP RHODESIA?

Sir Arnold Lunn

A WORLD-FAMOUS CATHOLIC LAYMAN LOOKS AT THE VATICAN COUNCIL

Also In This Issue:

WALTER JUDD ON ASIAN ANTI-COMMUNISTS ♦ WILLIAM SCHLAMM ON THE BEATNIKS IN ROME ♦ P. BUCKLEY ON MARGARET MITCHELL ♦ ALSO HART, EVANS, COHEN, KIRK, WILLS, FLETCHER, BUCKLEY

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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

➔ Sir **Arnold Lunn** reflects on the work of the Vatican Council, just terminated. He concludes that Christendom will benefit, or not, depending on the initiative now taken by Catholics, and Protestants, to realize some of the Council's goals. Sir Arnold, having spent several months in Rome, will now return to Murren in Switzerland, to resume his winter duties as ski fuehrer (as a young man, he invented the slalom), and his various literary chores. . . . **Walter Judd,** the eloquent legislator, former missionary doctor, and student of Far Eastern affairs, attended the conference this fall of the Asian Anti-Communist League. He writes his conviction that the attitude of the United States is the prime factor in the morale of the anti-Communist community in the Far East. . . . **"James Fletcher"** will return soon to the United States with a Ph. D. degree and, considering his political sympathies, would as soon remain anonymous for a little while yet. While studying at Oxford, he was fascinated by the melodramatization of the New York mayoralty election in the British press. He collected the clips, and wrote an interesting letter which is greatly revealing of the goodguy-badguy ideologizations of our sisters on Fleet Street. . . . **Anthony Lejeune** wonders whether the British will stop Rhodesia. He tends to think not, observing that economic boycotts are notoriously unsuccessful, and that the likelihood is that the Brtish will not go for a military expeditionary force. . . . **William S. Schlamm,** who is back in Zurich, was recently in Rome, where the beatniks have taken over, of all places, the Piazza di Spagna, for which he will never forgive them.

➔ **Wm. Buckley** visited recently with Ronald Reagan and Jesse Unruh, and writes about the forthcoming political contest. The big question at the moment seems to be less whether Reagan will get the Republican nomination (it seems pretty well assured), than whether Sam Yorty of Los Angeles will contend against Pat Brown for the Democratic nomination. After that is settled, there's going to be a real brawl. . . . **James Burnham** elaborates on the theme of the growing division among the nation's Liberals, and wonders whether a new popular front party will soon be formed, in which the anti-Vietnam types can be happy. . . . **Russell Kirk** writes a pastoral essay about a house among the fisherfolk. . . . And—contrary to our normal policy—we republish an amiable and generous essay on NATIONAL REVIEW, written in connection with its 10th anniversary, by **Garry Wills** for his syndicated column.

➔ **Jeffrey Hart,** who is hard at work in England completing a book on C. S. Lewis, pauses to review a book about the international brigades. . . . **Priscilla Buckley** enormously enjoyed the biography of Margaret Mitchell by Finis Farr, also author of the biography of Frank Lloyd Wright, and former contributor to *NR*. . . . **M. Stanton Evans,** editor of the *Indianapolis News,* finds great merit in the factual dissent from the Warren Report by Sylvan Fox. Mr. Fox, whose book displays no ideological bias, does not doubt that Oswald shot the President; but finds grounds for disputing the contention that he acted alone . . **Nathan Cohen** of the *Toronto Star* reviews two Broadway plays ➔

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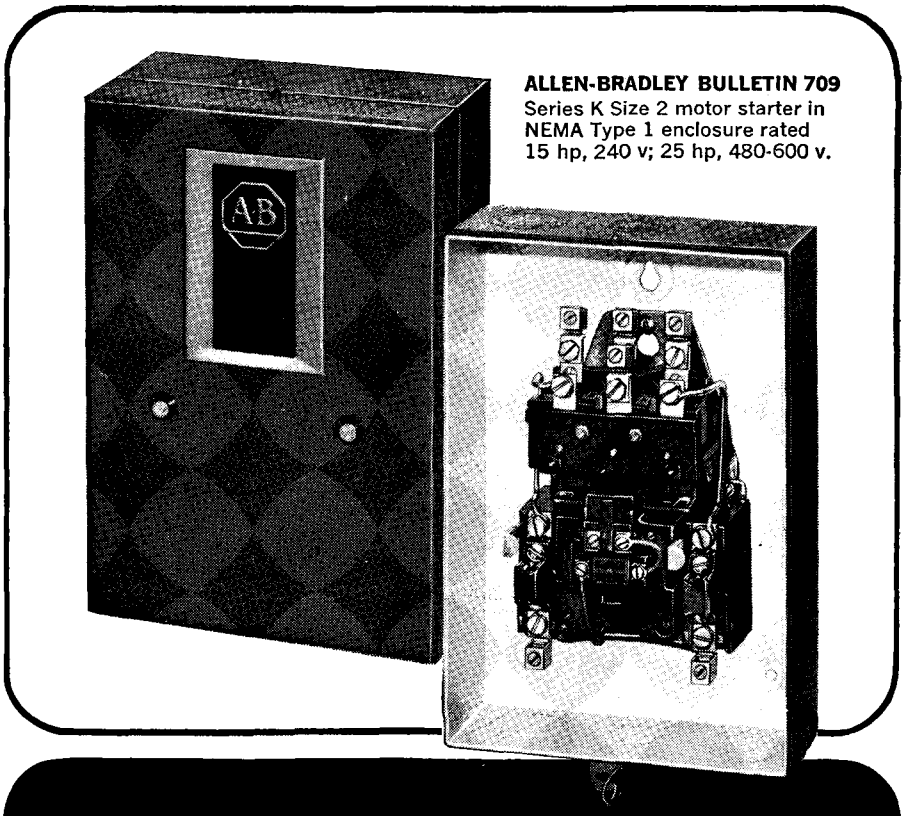

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TO THE EDITOR

Our Tenth Anniversary

My congratulations to the whole beehive at *NR* upon the tenth anniversary number. This is one to read and read again.

On the basis of this performance, to paraphrase an 18th-century German poet, you-all of *NR* will be immortal for years to come. All good wishes to you-all.

Columbia, S.C. F. W. BRADLEY

I wish to congratulate you on the king-size issue of Nov. 30th. There is an extra measure of good reading in it and it really makes a memorable book, especially with the supplemental center-book by Professor Hart commemorating the various accomplishments of your first decade.

Best wishes for continued success, to the publisher as well as the editors.

Watertown, Mass. LEIGH C. SAFFORD

Liberal Steve Allen says (at *NR*'s anniversary dinner): "If Mr. Buckley were God I am sure he would change me somewhat . . ."

One wonders whether Mr. Allen realizes that Liberals are changing people *without* the help of God.

Coulee Dam, Wash. LORRAINE J. FOSS

The tenth anniversary issue of NATIONAL REVIEW deserves praise on many fronts, but the article that guarantees you the renewal of my subscription over the next ten years is Francis Russell's "My Renewed City." After reading it, I shed a silent tear for my one real home, but must admit the tear was displaced by the news that the renewers were thoroughly trounced at the polls this fall. Truly, there are others who love Boston as much as Mr. Russell, and myself.

Uniondale, N.Y. WILLIAM ALLIN STORRER

For your November 30th tenth anniversary issue you came out with a monstrous 138-page mag. In your following December 4th issue you foisted on your readers a paltry 36-page exhibition of truth—what an anticlimax!

But, don't worry—reading Hart's *Decade of Modern Conservatism* [Nov. 30] has healed all wounds. I may even be willing to take ten pages each for the next few weeks.

Memphis, Tenn. HAL BINGNOLE JR.

We thought we'd treat ourselves to a breather Dec. 4. —ED.

Hart on Liberalism

Mr. Hart's treatment [Nov. 30] of Liberalism was very thought-provoking. I find

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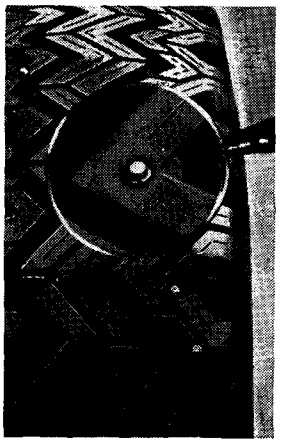

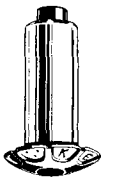

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myself in agreement with most of it, particularly with the need for this kind of assessment of what Liberalism is doing to our civilization. I have one reservation, however. I wonder whether conservatives are making the adequate distinction between criticism of Liberalism and criticism of human nature. It seems to me that many of the errors you have ascribed to Liberals are really failings that are common to all human beings. I have in mind particularly their alleged dishonesty, or holding of double standards, which exempts the Communists of blame. This error I would attribute to a failure of language, a failure to discriminate—in other words, a fundamental limitation of the intellect, and not moral duplicity.

Disregarding this aspect of the problem would seriously handicap the conservatives in meeting the challenge of proposing alternatives to Liberal policies. Actually, as was made clear in Mr. Hart's discussion, you are aware that this kind of consciousness of human shortcomings is implicit in the conservative position. It is one of its main virtues.

Indianapolis, Ind. GUNTHER STEGEMANN

Boiled down, J. Hart's definition of Liberals would be Pigheaded Jackasses. Now if they were asses of Balaam's variety their philosophy might have credence and durability.

Elberta, Ala. MRS. JOHN M. KIEFER

'The Czar of the Swamp'

In your November 30th edition, Hugh Kenner describes the Snow-Leavis controversy as "a raging as it were between two extinct beasts, each affirming the other's unfitness to be Czar of the Swamp."

In fact, Snow has neither written nor said anything contributing to the controversy either during it or since. All the raging has been strictly one-sided.

Cambridge, Mass. ANDREW STEWART

Snow's partisans rage in his behalf.—ED.

The Roots of Education

I believe that Russell Kirk voiced the opinion of many deeply concerned Americans who wish to see private colleges continue in their fine tradition of a high standard of education [Nov. 16].

As a senior in high school, I do not welcome the day when the private college will be considered a novelty rather than a real necessity. Our whole educational system in America today owes its roots to those colleges which it is trying to abolish.

Montour Falls, N.Y. JOSEPH FAGNANI

Wallace vs. Chambers

Henry Wallace would be the first to give you the horse laugh for your mortuary effort to find his last years a retreat to "what Whittaker Chambers called the

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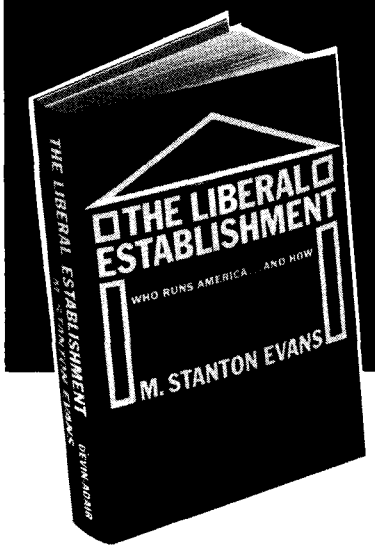

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Is ADA *pro-Red?* Parallels between ADA and Fabian Socialism. Key ADAers in Kennedy and Johnson administrations named. The "new Socialism" of the ADA, and why it is in some ways more dangerous than the old. Striking contrasts between Liberalism and Democratic Socialism. Arresting insight on how, in one respect, Liberalism more closely resembles Nazism and Fascism than Socialism.

News Management. A chamber of horrors from the New Frontier and the Great Society. The Johnson technique for "shaping" the news. Establishment use of the FBI to track down sources of unfavorable stories. Lie-detector tests – for American generals.

Four Supreme Court decisions that have helped make America safe for criminals.

Fascist-style persecutions of Battle Hales, honest Agriculture employee who tried to throw light on the Estes case. How his secretary, Mary K. Jones, was spirited off to a mental hospital and held incommunicado for 12 days without charges, without counsel, without a word to her family.

The Liberals mourn JFK – but not enough to forget politics for an hour. How Liberalism was a remote cause of the assassination. How the assassination became the Establishment's greatest propaganda triumph.

The Establishment war on internal security. The Oppenheimer, Lattimore, Service and Wieland cases. Wieland's "memory" lapses, and the strange contradictions in his testimony. The role of new Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas in the Lattimore case.

Muzzling the military. 10 examples that censored *any* reference to Communism. Six targets of the muzzlers. Thurmond's lonely struggle. Interesting parallels between the Fulbright Memorandum, leaked to Cabell Phillips of the *Times* on July 20, 1961, and Communist Secretary Gus Hall's remarks in the *Worker* four days earlier.

Public Enemy Number One: the American Right. Six points in the famed Reuther Memorandum for silencing Conservative opposition. Censorship, blacklisting, guilt by association: charges against Conservatives but openly practiced by Liberals. Goon-squad tactics of Liberal Democrats and AFL-CIO in Indianapolis. The totalitarian tone of COPE's memo on how to take "preventive action" to "head off" Conservative speakers before they even have the chance to speak.

No doubt you've noticed that generalized attacks on Liberalism fall flat. The power of this book lies in its factual, case-history approach. Cite just one of these cases, then notice how your listeners perk up as you pile fact upon damning fact. THE LIBERAL ESTABLISHMENT is an ideal handbook for any Conservative involved in political action, public debates, letter-writing – or plain old-fashioned political talk over the back fence. With its wealth of quotes and documentation, and the comprehensive index, you'll find yourself going back over it long after you've read and digested it.

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undenying, undeluded earth" [Dec. 14]

Chambers was a wounded man of the pavements who fled to the country because the bastards he knew made him so miserable. Then, like many another before him, he confused the healing processes of change itself with the environment within which the change had occurred and so fell for the romantic nonsense passed out by J. J. Rousseau. Chambers wasn't out among the buckwheat and the buzzard nests to discover the opposite door through which so many have fled bastards making them miserable in the country.

It seems fair to hold that as Chambers lost his illusions about men he recreated them to celebrate Earth. But if Henry Wallace never discarded his illusions about men he certainly had none about Earth. He knew it far too well ever to treat it as "undenying, undeluded." On the contrary, he lived out his life in testimony that Earth knows more about sin than the pavement will have discovered a thousand years from now. Earth's tricks and wiles are endless and any man who had worked long with it discovers that if he lets down his guard for an instant he will find himself immediately under it—indeed, that no matter how hard and how cleverly he battles it face-to-face, under Earth is where he winds up, after all.

But your emotions led you rightly to think of Whittaker Chambers in attempting to essay Henry Wallace. I had occasion to study each, as each had subsided from his years of main public action and—though it had not come to my mind before reading your musing on Wallace—I really do think it would have been interesting to put them together and watch two such complex and sensitive men impelled toward each other by forces innate to their nature, against the expectations of coarse, brutal pounders of the Gospel according to Yap.

Washington, D.C. FRANK C. WALDROP

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (Dec. 28)

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE

As the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us." And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. (2:15-16)

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The WEEK

● At a recent news conference, in response to a uestion, Mayor Lindsay of New York said: "I am either optimistic nor pessimistic about ———— t this point. I am a realist. I am not an expert in ———— matters. There are involved human roblems here." Question: What was the question?

● The plight of the working man under present abor law is well illustrated by the aircraft mechanics f the scheduled airlines. For representation purposes they are grouped, under a ruling of the National Mediation Board (NMB), along with cleaners, aggage handlers, guards, janitors, seamstresses, etc. 'he Aircraft Mechanics Fraternal Association was rganized in 1962 to do something about this. In)ecember 1964 this group appealed to the NMB for change in "class" (i.e. to be recognized as a separate craft with right to representation through a eparate union, something other than the Teamsters r the IAM), producing petition cards signed by a najority of the aircraft mechanics of United Airlines, Eastern, and Seaboard World Air Lines. The relevant ection of the Railway Labor Act says: "Employees hall have the right to organize and bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing. The majority of any craft or class of employees shall ave the right to determine who shall be the representative of the craft or class for the purposes of this Act." The NMB rejected the appeal on the grounds hat a new craft classification would alter the status quo. In effect the NMB has, then, determined a craft epresentation, in apparent violation of the relevant aw. Experts acknowledge that the supply of aircraft nechanics is dwindling. The NMB doesn't encourage young men to enter this highly specialized field when t insists on lumping them together with unskilled vorkers such as janitors and baggage handlers.

● Sargent Shriver is on record as favoring a "negative income tax" such as that proposed some time ago by Prof. Milton Friedman, the renowned economist of the "Chicago school." But Shriver misses the point: Friedman would set up the negative tax (direct cash payments to those with subpar income, tapering to zero as income hits par, par being the total of deductions and exemptions under current tax law), and then abolish *all* anti-poverty programs. Shriver would add the Friedman scheme to the tangle of present and proposed projects. The poverty fighters of the Shriver stripe, when you come down to it, don't want to give money to the poor. They either don't trust the poor to spend the money competently, or they simply prefer to use the money to bring about their own social ideal.

● There has been somewhat of a furor in the press, of recent years, over the allegedly sinful or at least anti-social reluctance of private citizens to interfere when they are involuntary witnesses to a crime in progress. One man who *did* interfere, and paid with his life, was accorded the honors of a hero by the press. Now comes to trial a young man who squirted water on a pacifist nut who was burning his draft card. To burn draft card is Federal Crime. To halt crime (without undue risk to self) is Citizen Duty. Pour water on fire therefore make Hero in Press? Don't hold your breath. He's *our* kind of hero.

● More blatant than William Epton they usually aren't. Epton, of the Peking-oriented Progressive Labor Party, urged crowds in Harlem to murder policemen and judges; his sidewalk spiel, taped by police, is credited with helping to spread the 1964 Harlem riots. Nevertheless, trial jurors had to stomach Justice Arthur Markewich's contention that Epton's Communism was as irrelevant as his race (Negro), before finding the defendant guilty under New York's criminal anarchy laws—the first such conviction in 45 years.

● The Conservative Party of New York can look back on a big year. It collected 340,000 votes for Mayor of NYC, triple its previous showing in the city. In the only statewide contest it entered, that for Court of Appeals, it came within a fraction of one per cent of outpolling the Liberal Party. Conservative votes provided the margin of defeat in eleven State Assembly districts where Republicans had refused Conservative endorsement; and the GOP lost control of the State Assembly by fewer than eleven seats. Everything points to a busy year in 1966, what with a race for John Lindsay's old congressional seat, a shot at Governor Rockefeller, and a long list of attractive opportunities aimed at reintroducing the two-party system in New York.

● All week long it was either Ayub Khan or Harold Wilson or Ludwig Erhard popping over from Blair House. The pace was simply killing, and there were all those promises to make, assurances to give, sanctions to support, and so on, but what with Congress being out of session and Christmas and all—'twere well 'twere done quickly, as Lady Bird is wont to say in the middle of the night. Thank heavens they all came away happy. Shastri of India's due February 1 and wouldn't it be too bad if someone told him there was more to making U.S. foreign policy than having a man-to-man in the House of White?

● In order to help meet the enormous needs of our expanding commitment in Southeast Asia, the Pentagon is detaching every military transport plane that can possibly be spared from other tasks to the Pacific supply lines, and is chartering as many civilian craft

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as it can lay hands on. It seems, under the circumstances, an odd moment to inform Zambia that U.S. operators are prepared to furnish several dozen transports to move oil in, and copper out, in order to smash the Rhodesian regime that is willing and able to continue moving them cheaply and efficiently by rail as it has done for decades. Still, when a marine patrol in the jungle loses a man or two because a shipment of small arms has been in consequence held up, the men will surely take comfort in reflecting that their little sacrifice made it possible for the limousines of the Zambian cabinet to keep rolling.

● We see by the *Detroit News* that a former prominent resident and his wife Nancy, home for the holidays, have really put down the Hon. Albert Schweitzer, a good man, formerly a great man, but now possibly to be considered a bad man as a consequence of his filthy habits and superior attitude toward the people of Gabon, Africa, who, all Detroit now knows, despised him, and not only because he let drugs from the U.S.A. rot in the corner and goats, dogs, flies, and chickens mess on everything. "He apparently really hated the natives and I think more people died there than he ever saved," said Nancy. "I often wondered why he was given so much reverence in this country and elsewhere," mused Nancy's husband, who as U.S. Under Secretary for African Affairs did not dare to cross Schweitzer's threshold while he lived, owing to the hate around the place (Nancy dared), but now that Schweitzer is four months dead, is giving forth freely with wonderment of the sort In people felt four years ago when their idol doctor suddenly defied them by supporting Moise Tshombe in Katanga. So the news comes at last to Detroit, four years late and twice as bad as ever it was in Georgetown. Ah, Soapy. There you are.

● A great libertarian moved to San Mateo, California not long ago and grew curious about the amount of real estate taxes included in his instalment payments to the local bank. After a bureaucratic runaround he demanded that he be informed, yearly, of his tax bill, and insisted (rightly, as everyone knew) that he would consider his tax paid if he received no bill in future years. Now see the *Palo Alto Times* (Nov. 8, 1965): "Owners of mortgaged property in San Mateo County soon will receive first-hand information about their tax payments in the mail. . . . The notices are for information only. . . . This is the first year that the informational tax notices will be mailed out. . . . He [county tax collector Ross Conti] expects to continue providing the information every year. . . ." All it took was one man in San Mateo. With a man like that in every county, we could start quite an Information Revolution. Well, how much of *your* mortgage payment represents a property tax?

● Good music is ever the concern of tax-exemp Pacifica Listener Supported Radio, as witness the KPFA *Folio* put out for November. At random: "Tuesday, Nov. 23: 7:30 Concert. 9:45 Soviet Press and Periodicals surveyed by William Mandel. 10:0(Opinion—Herbert Aptheker, Sir Stephen King-Hall Henry Morgan, Victor Rabinowitz. 11:00 Concert 11:30 This Week at the United Nations. 11:45 Review of the Press by Nat Hentoff. . . ." (Mandel Aptheker, and Rabinowitz are all, of course, music lovers, identified under oath. Hentoff, on the other hand, likes jazz. Or used to.) And on the other *other* hand, there is the *Folio* cover, a page of music notation: "Our cover is a facsimile of J. S. Bach's manuscript of 'In allen meinen Taten,' reproduced from Emanuel Winternitz' *Musical Autographs,* recently published by Dover Publications." Yes indeed, and it's printed, undoubtedly for the convenience of the typical Pacifica Listener Supporter, upside down.

● There's this new cultural exchange pact to be negotiated, see, and there are all those Soviet missiles being trundled into North Vietnam. Let's help the Soviets keep their secret, what the hell. There's this new cultural exchange pact, see, and there are these two Russian writers Kosygin threw in jail because they were publishing in the West, but let's not embarrass our Soviet friends just now by inquiring into the *nature* of the culture that's being exchanged, let's just exchange it, for peacesake, before things get *really* bad!

● A man in Port Leyden, N.Y. (pop. 900) bought advertising space in the local high-school yearbook and paid for it, and then had his ad rejected because it consisted of a quotation from the Bible—a modern-language version of several passages from the Epistle to the Romans on the meaning of Christ's sacrifice. When the man's pastor attempted to place an ad quoting the twenty-third Psalm, it, too, was rejected. Why? Because the school principal considered the ads "tracts" and, educationally speaking, not quite fit for the eyes of the young person. Gosh, Mr. Principal, even the Supreme Court can't compel you to read an ad.

● OUT: Palm Beach—IN: Acapulco. OUT: Bordeaux —IN: Napa Valley. OUT: Cordon Bleu—IN: Home Ec. OUT: Boston—IN: Austin. OUT: "Voilà!"—IN: "Sha-zayam!"

Cease-Fire and After

Neither side took the Christmas cease-fire seriously as "a step toward peace"; for both it was a psywar operation designed to make the opponent look like

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When Will Bobby Make His Play?

There is nothing so certain as the uncertainty of politics. This is a truism to which prudent politicians unabashedly subscribe — and Senator Robert F. Kennedy is nothing if he is not prudent. For him there can be no pre-ordained course, though this is something his basically Jansenist nature must find highly repugnant. The wheels of history and morality must spin in just the right fashion to lock into the jackpot of the Presidency.

Bobby Kennedy's future, and his dreams of glory, will therefore depend on alternatives, and these in turn remain the function of other uncertainties. But the junior senator from New York has learned to live in a world of either/or. He once saw his road to the Presidency as one to be walked in the shadow of his brother, the late John F. Kennedy. The bullet of a Communoid assassin ended that hope.

The next alternative for Bobby Kennedy lay in his continuance as Attorney General of the United States—or better still in a longed-for but improbable appointment to the dangerously prestigious office of Defense Secretary. But this proved to be false reckoning—a miscalculation of the implacable revanchism of Lyndon Baines Johnson. Mr. Johnson did not tremble at the political consequences of booting out of his Cabinet the heir to a "martyred" President.

Whether Mr. Johnson was wise in this evaluation is as yet moot. Yet, in a sense, the President had no choice in the matter. While Bobby was Attorney General, he worked assiduously through his office to undercut Mr. Johnson wherever possible. It is a secret only to those who do not care to know that many of the preliminary leads in the Bobby Baker case came from the Justice Department. Had the Republicans acted with more courage, those leads might have been used to embarrass seriously the Johnson Administration during the early stages of the 1964 campaign.

Obviously, Mr. Johnson could not allow the Kennedy fox to remain under his tunic. As a consequence, Mr. Kennedy was compelled to find other means to remain in the public eye—and a new political base. He gambled on the New York senatorial race and he won handily. And this, though not premeditatedly, was the shrewdest move of all. As a member of the Senate, Bobby no longer had to dissemble his disdain for his brother's successor. He could even allow others to make known his role in the attempt to deprive Lyndon Johnson of the Vice Presidential nomination in 1960. The issue was joined.

Calling on talents developed as *mafioso*-in-chief of the Kennedy legions, Bobby organized a guerrilla band in the Senate whose strength ranged from ten to a baker's dozen—large enough to pose a threat to the Administration on any legislation not overwhelmingly endorsed by the upper chamber. He also established himself as spokesman in Congress for the Liberal-to far-out Left, criticizing American anti-Communist intervention in Santo Domingo and calling for "negotiations" in Vietnam without the very modest conditions set by the Johnson Administration. When students and others publicly began collecting blood for the Communist forces attacking U.S. troops in Vietnam, Senator Kennedy affirmed their right and even their propriety in doing so.

In effect, Mr. Kennedy was semi-overtly declaring that in his struggle to wrest the Presidency from Lyndon Johnson's heirs, he was committed to the most categorical opening to the left since Eleanor Roosevelt invited the American Student Union to the White House in the Blundering Thirties.

Yet Bobby Kennedy risks moving too soon in making his play. The President's health is a grave factor and, if Washington rumor has any basis in fact, may cause his withdrawal from the 1968 race. Any present assaults on the White House might in that event be reconsidered as in poor taste, and might bring about a revulsion which could permanently deprive Mr. Kennedy of victory. If, on the other hand, Mr. Johnson is as fully recovered as the official physicians state, the President is thought to be in secret covenant bound to retire Vice President Hubert Horatio Humphrey in favor of Ambassador to the UN Arthur Goldberg, a move that might turn one of Bobby's flanks.

It would therefore seem like the better part of valor for Mr. Kennedy to bide his time until the crystal ball is less cloudy. That time can only be at the Democratic Convention of 1968, if Mr. Johnson should withdraw, or in the waning days of the second full Johnson term. In his period of watchful waiting, Mr. Kennedy could be strengthening his base in New York State, perhaps preparatory to making a play for the Governor's Mansion in Albany.

All of these contingencies are being pondered by the junior senator from New York and his strategists. But one thing is certain: Mr. Kennedy must make his play by the Democratic Convention of 1972. By that time the bloom will be off the Kennedy *mythos*. To wait longer, moreover, would thrust him into the ungraceful position of the aging *Wunderkind*. History and the wiles of Mr. Johnson have already deprived him of a royal road to what he considers his destiny. He must now fight like a lion, run like a jackal, and scheme like a fox. This is not so easy.

—CATO

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the persisting aggressor. Nevertheless, it inadvertently confirmed a fact that Hanoi quite possibly would have preferred to leave obscure: the fact, namely, that the Vietcong is an integrated military formation under close tactical control. For a few hours nearly all VC units, though scattered over tens of thousands of square miles of difficult terrain, quieted down. This means that in a short time the order to hold had been communicated to the units, and that they obeyed the order. Technically it was a remarkable achievement.

This proves (it still apparently seems to need proving to some of our skeptical fellow citizens) that the VC is *not* a loose, popular movement of "the people," but a disciplined, if unorthodox, army. Radio Hanoi did not hide the further fact that the cease-fire order came from *North* Vietnam; in other words, that the VC is simply a segment of the North Vietnamese Army, subject to the military orders of the North Vietnamese High Command and the political control of the Lao Dong (Communist Party of North Vietnam).

These facts, we note, were confirmed but not revealed by the cease-fire. They have been long known to serious observers, and were indeed summarized in a 1962 report of the Legal Committee of the International Control Commission (Canada, India, Poland), which stated: "The aim and function of the Front for Liberation of the South [NLF], the Forces for Liberation of the South and the People's Self-Defense Armed Forces [together: Vietcong] are to organize and carry out under the leadership of the Vietnam Lao Dong Party, hostile activities against the armed forces and administration of the South by violent means aimed at the overthrow of the administration of the South."

Now the argument that "you can't defeat the Vietcong" is based on the allegation of its popular, spontaneous, and local character, and this argument the facts of the cease-fire disprove. Hanoi *can* call off the war, just as it called on the cease-fire. Minor local actions would no doubt continue for a while, but the big stuff would stop—as in the armistice with France in 1954, or when the time came in the Philippines, Burma, Malaya, Greece, etc.

If the war stops, or nearly so, a workable political solution becomes possible in South Vietnam. War is prior to politics at such a stage as this, not the other way around. There is no more reason why South Vietnam can't have a workable non-Communist government than, for example, the Philippines, Thailand or South Korea.

Thus the key to the war against the Vietcong is in North, not South, Vietnam: to hurt North Vietnam sufficiently to make it want to give up its South Vietnamese venture; more particularly, to threaten seriously enough the regime or the lives of the North Vietnamese leaders.

Talk About Demonstrations!

On January 8 the Young Americans for Freedom will pull off the biggest project in its career, a series of public rallies from coast to coast in support of freedom (i.e. the U.S. commitment) in Vietnam. The day starts at 9:45 in the morning with a torchlighting ceremony at the Statue of Liberty. That evening the same Torch of Freedom will be delivered to a representative of the South Vietnamese embassy in Washington.

Other notable events of the day around the country, which if they're in your area you shouldn't miss 'em, are:

Philadelphia. Afternoon ceremony at Independence Hall. Ron McCoy, President of Boys Nation, carrying the Torch.

Washington, D.C. 8 P.M. Constitution Hall. Speakers include Senators Thomas Dodd and Karl Mundt, Representatives Armistead Selden and William Brock, Admiral Arleigh Burke (ret.), Ron McCoy, and Miss USA-World, Diana Batts, just back from touring the Vietnam stations with Bob Hope's Christmas troupe. Admission free; doors open at seven. Music, entertainment; public invited.

Boston. Gardner Auditorium. Main speakers will be former Representative Don Bruce and Mayor John F. Collins of Boston.

Cleveland. Strosacker Auditorium, Case Technical Institute. Representative Michael Feighan and Prof. Philip Crane of Bradley University, main speakers.

St. Louis. The Arena. Main speakers General Thomas Lane (ret.), President of ACA, and James Drury ("the Virginian" of TV fame).

Houston. Hotel America. Former Representative Ed Foreman the main speaker. (Will *the* TV station in Austin carry the program?)

Salt Lake City. Student Ballroom, University of Utah. Main speaker the Hon. J. Bracken Lee, Mayor of Salt Lake City.

Los Angeles. Long Beach Civic Auditorium. Main speakers Ben Cooper, Richard Ireland, Clint Walker of Hollywood fame; and Barry Goldwater Jr.

Check local YAF headquarters for details. January 8, by the way, is a Saturday. Shall we go?

So?

On December 15, U.S. Secretary of Defense McNamara addressed a closed meeting of NATO's Council of Ministers. He is reported to have outlined a

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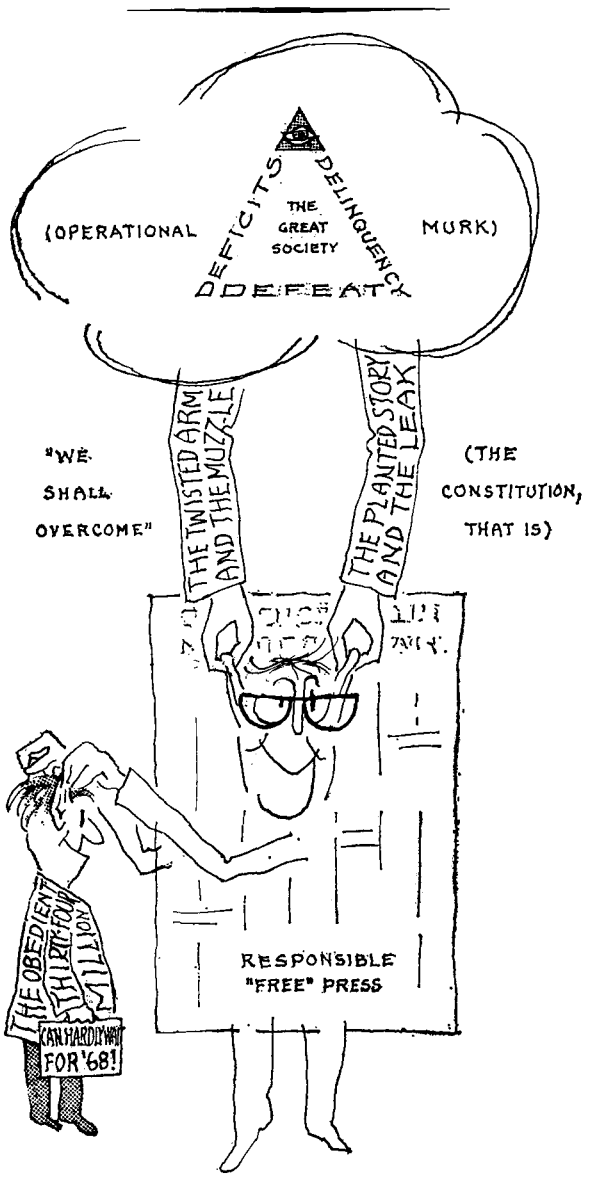
probable schedule of Communist China's nuclear development. To wit:

1) China has already begun stockpiling nuclear weapons, and is already in a position to carry out regular nuclear tests.

2) China's missile program is proceeding more quickly than expected. Within two years Peking may have intermediate range nuclear missiles that will directly threaten the nations near her borders—India, Korea, Vietnam, Japan, Laos, Thailand, Malaya.

3) By five years from now Europe may be within range of Chinese missiles, and within a decade China will probably have intercontinental missiles capable of reaching Africa and the Americas.

Mr. McNamara may have exaggerated his own private estimates in the wish to knock his audience out of its indifference to U.S. Asian troubles, but any corrections would only extend the schedule somewhat, not alter the sequence.



What Mr. McNamara did not do, even by implication, was to propose any answer to this sufficiently ominous threat and challenge. He concluded his address, rather lamely, by a series of questions to his NATO colleagues: will the Chinese seek to extend their sphere? would that affect NATO? if so, should NATO do anything about it?

Mr. McNamara is, of course, not alone in failing to give an answer to Peking's bombs. No Western leader has done so. Is there to be no answer, then? Do we merely wait and watch until the day comes when Peking—which may not feel the qualms or fears that have restrained Moscow and Washington—puts her perfected pile to practical use? NATIONAL REVIEW, on the news of the first Chinese test explosion, favored the immediate destruction of the Chinese nuclear installations. We understand that such a proposal had considerable support in the Pentagon, even within the Joint Chiefs of Staff. But that support was not strong enough to bring action. NATIONAL REVIEW has subsequently suggested the equipping of Japan with a limited nuclear arsenal that might serve as deterrent counterweight to China's. Perhaps neither of these ideas is feasible, all factors considered. What are those factors? And if they prevail, what then are we to do? Is a true anti-missile missile system possible—then let's start building it. Or if it isn't—then an answer please, or least the attempt to find one.

And a Happy New Year for Doylestown, Pa.

Downtown Doylestown had just about had it. It was rundown, shabby, discouraged and getting poorer by the hour as shoppers tended to give their *business to a super-dooper development out of town.* What to do?

How about a Federal Urban Renewal grant? Urban Renewal indicated it might plow half a million into Doylestown but at a town meeting in June 1963, the citizens voted to a man to turn down the federal gravy. Instead, two enterprising individuals, Joseph R. Kenny, a local newsdealer, and Frank X. Shelley Jr., an insurance agent, got a $500 contribution from each of the two local banks and embarked on an urban renewal scheme of their own.

They hired half a dozen photography students and had them take pictures of Downtown Doylestown in December—Horrible! Then they went to a local art teacher and asked him to do sketches of what Doylestown could look like with coordinated color schemes, a little ironwork here and there and a few shrubs. Early last year they called a meeting, showed the black and white photographs and the water colors

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and got 36 local merchants to sign up on "Operation '64—Uplift."

Since then local storekeepers have spent almost $200,000 on their shops. One store put on the first coat of paint in thirty years; another redecorated from start to finish. An inn built in 1748, about to be torn down, is now doing land-office business as a furniture store; another inn that was closed has reopened. The Borough Council set up two parking lots for the benefit of shoppers and Borough workmen dug holes into which the local Jaycees planted trees bought by the merchants. As of Christmas '65, business was up 9 to 31 per cent and Downtown Doylestown—without a penny of federal money—is once more a going and, *mirabilissime dictu,* tax-producing concern.

Memo to Economists Wondering What to Do Next
From: Serendipity Dept.

"I find myself moved, not for the first time, to remind contemporary economists that the classical teaching embodied some permanent truths of great significance, which we are liable today to overlook because we associate them with other doctrines which we cannot now accept without much qualification. There are in these matters deep undercurrents at work, natural forces, one can call them, or even the invisible hand, which are operating towards equilibrium.

"Admittedly, if the classical medicine is to work, it is essential that import tariffs and export subsidies should not progressively offset its influence. It is for this reason that one is entitled to draw some provisional comfort from the present mood of the American Administration and, as I judge it, of the American people also. . . . It shows how much modernist stuff, gone wrong and turned sour and silly, is circulating in our system, also incongruously mixed, it seems, with age-old poisons, that we should have given so doubtful a welcome to this magnificent, objective approach. . . .

"I must not be misunderstood. I do not suppose that the classical medicine will work by itself or that we can depend on it. We need quicker and less painful aids of which exchange variation and overall import control are the most important. But in the long run these expedients will work better and we shall need them less, if the classical medicine is also at work. And if we reject the medicine from our system altogether, we may just drift on from expedient to expedient and never get really fit again."

J. M. Keynes, "The Balance of Payments in the United States," *Economic Journal* (June 1946—published posthumously), pp. 185-186.

1966:
Or, Some Hair of the Dog

● The President will present to the Congress a budget not really so very terribly out of balance always remembering that even President Eisenhower went $12 billion into the red one year, and along around midyear 1966 the Congress will authorize a teeny increase in the purely temporary debt limit

● *Vogue*'s photographs of Brides of the Season will be published just the week before Mr. and Mrs Nugent exit, smiling.

● A universal drought in the Communist bloc will cause the 49th crop failure since 1917.

● British vessels that can be spared from the lucrative trade with North Vietnam will be put to work strangling British economic interests in Rhodesia. Washington will applaud.

● Businessmen who do not cooperate in the voluntary programs to reduce the payments deficit will be burnt at the stake.

● Canada will sell oceans of wheat to the Communists on the theory that a half-starved enemy isn't much of a challenge for those sporting Yanks in Vietnam.

● Mayor John Lindsay of New York will begin to suffer from a recurring dream about sawing off the Eastern seaboard and letting it drift out to sea.

● Again and again and again the Secretary of the Treasury will proclaim that the dollar will *never* be devalued. It will be declared to be as good as gold, whatever that is.

● Nelson and Winthrop Rockefeller, trying to find out if New York and Arkansas add up to more than Texas, will be brushed aside by Robert and Edward Kennedy, who will have proved at least that New York and Massachusetts add up to more than New York and Arkansas.

● President Johnson will hold another press conference.

● An enlarged photograph of the President displaying his abdominal incision will be hung in Buckingham Palace to remind the Royal Family of Margaret's and Anthony's lovely visit to America.

● In the November elections all the old rascals will be thrown out, and they will be replaced by fresh new rascals.

● It *could* be a passable year. Let us pray.

W.F.R.

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* *They also tell us that *'s are very useful ("absolutely essential" was the way they put it). We answered: But isn't the whole idea to see if we can't just come right out and* ask *intelligent readers to do themselves (and us, of course) a favor,* without *using such gimmicks? But they asked us not to risk it.*

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Somerset Maugham, RIP

He was nineteen when de Maupassant died. Life, he must have felt, prepared him in his youth to pick up his master's mantle, to write with detached compassion and wordly wisdom about men and women, to tell a good story above all. Like Conrad, he had English for a second language (he was born and orphaned in Paris), preferred to write about people tossed in the dramatic pitches of luck, and liked to strip Western man of his civilized advantages by placing him in alien cultures. He was not an innovator; Robert Louis Stevenson and the masters of the Edwardian novel had made the art which he used with precision and taste. He was as English as Conan Doyle about his craft; good writing was the ability to spin a yarn; it was a respectable trade if one didn't let it go to one's head. And one had to know what made people tick. Maugham was cosmopolitan in many senses before he ever took up a pen: he knew Germany, France, and England. He had studied medicine for six years and practiced it in the London slums. His first excellent novels are concerned with the artist: *Cakes and Ale* (Thomas Hardy and Hugh Walpole), *The Moon and Sixpence* (Paul Gauguin). In his greatest novel, *Of Human Bondage* (a title that claims identity with the humanism of Spinoza), he was as honest and pitiless as Samuel Butler, from whom he learned the stance of unperturbed bitterness, in constructing a psychological autobiography. He would have been the last to argue that all of his books ought to be remembered or that his work had philosophical depth and originality. At least three of his novels and a handful of masterly short stories have a permanent place in English literature.

Maugham was a settled traditionalist. He continued to write solid Edwardian novels in an age of innovation. He asked of a plot that it be clear, strong, and exciting. His psychological inspection of character was that of a shrewd *boulevardier* who was as much at home in Bangkok as at Cap Ferrat. Once fame and wealth came to him, he retired from the stir of things, collected paintings, cultivated an exotic array of friends, and enjoyed a luxury that had something stoic as well as oriental about it. He lost everything to the Nazis, and like Benedetto Croce sitting calmly in his library while the Fascists tore up all his books, shrugged his shoulders. He was alert, intelligent, sardonic. His career was one of integrity and devotion. The sale of his novels, counted in millions, is testimony enough that Maugham was one of the best story-tellers of the age and perhaps of all time.

G. DAVENPORT

Notes and Asides

To our readers, patient and otherwise: we are acutely aware that many of you have been annoyed, and some even tormented, by the practices, or malpractices, of our fulfilment house, and we are a) deeply sorry about it, and b) deeply concerned. You cannot care to know the mechanical reasons why some of you have been getting a half-dozen notices of delinquency when you have your canceled check safely in your book, or why you received two magazines and no *Bulletin*, or two *Bulletins* and no magazine . . . The errors are mechanical, the (temporary) result of an effort to better the service we ourselves provided in past years. We are, at Des Moines, in the hands of a professional fulfilment house with a fine reputation. We have gone to some pains to isolate the gremlins, whom we are engaged in domesticating, so that within a few weeks, drastic improvements should be effected. Meanwhile, again our apologies.

A word of thanks from the editors to all of you who sent in Christmas cards, which we have proudly displayed in our editorial offices. They have brought us great cheer, and we only wish we could acknowledge them individually. Our best wishes to you all for a happy and peaceful new year.

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On the Right

How Is Ronald Reagan Doing?

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Los Angeles. It is generally conceded that Ronald Reagan will announce his candidacy for governor of California in the early future, and the guns are being oiled to shoot him down. The Democrats are not saying anything yet, at least not publicly; but they are passing around the word that Reagan will be easy to take.

Buckley

It must be understood that they would pass around the word that Abraham Lincoln would be easy to take, it being in the nature of the political business that one should scoff at the possibilities of the challenger, particularly a challenger the sound of whose name sends the butterflies of the stomach into hyperactivity.

Reagan does that to many Democrats for the very good reason that he is very well known to the voting public, primarily on account of his acting career; and he is known as a good guy, a role he inevitably played in the movies, in which he performed extraordinarily well no doubt because his role was in character.

Mr. Jesse Unruh is the omnipotent Speaker of the California Assembly. He is a most intelligent and shrewd political operator who somehow looks a little bit less menacing as the Big Daddy of California politics now that he has shed a few dozen pounds. He is passing around the word that Reagan will not have so easy a time of it as George Murphy, another actor, who was sent to the Senate a year ago, having defeated Pierre Salinger.

Unruh does not accept personal responsibility for the defeat of Salinger. On the contrary, Salinger dumped the Unruh professionals who had guided him to preliminary victory, and took on his own team which, without the blessings of Big Daddy or any independent experience, committed the impossible: they permitted to be beaten a figure in public life who could talk on television about what he had said to JFK and what JFK had said to him when they were both sitting around in their pyjamas. That anyone that close to John Kennedy could have got beaten at the height of The Apotheosis seemed incredible: but Salinger did get beaten, and the credit is allocated roughly 50-50, Salinger for maladroitness, Murphy for skill.

The Unruh strategy is to provoke Ronald Reagan so as to cause him to reveal his "mean streak." The theory is that if a professionally good man like Ronald Reagan could be got to snarl, c-rrr-ack would go the image built up by twenty years of good-guying on the screen, and the public disillusion would be bitter and purposive.

Reagan's Political Know-How

The difficulty with Mr. Unruh's strategy is that if there is a mean streak in Ronald Reagan's character, it is very deeply buried. I have gone spelunking into his depths, and I would suppose there is a certain amount of bile in his system, as I suppose there was bile in the system of St. Francis of Assisi. But I should think it very unlikely that it would surface under the severest political provocations.

Here is a reason why Mr. Reagan is right now confounding many California Republicans, who began their opposition to him confident that he was an extremist of sorts who could very easily be put down by using the arguments that his candidacy would aggravate factional strife.

But to everyone's amazement, he has gone about the state uttering nothing but kindnesses concerning his Republican competitors, denying himself the pleasure of flirtatious animadversions on the tactics of some of his Republican opponents who preach the necessity of Republican unity by blasting everyone to the right of their impeccable selves. Reagan smiles, continues to speak vigorously his dissent from the wild spending policies of Governor Brown, and the creeping anarchy whose manifestations at Berkeley and Watts are the big issue in California this year.

And he is developing a political know-how which astounds the professionals, who believe that it is immoral that an actor, as distinguished from a haberdasher, should be a good politician. Reagan is showing an uncommon skill in handling questions loaded with hidden explosives.

He is thinking about some of the dilemmas of modern life—for instance, the dilemma of the noxious air that hangs over Los Angeles as a perpetual reminder of the law of physics that matter cannot be destroyed. It may be, he muses, having sketched the alternative proposals for disposing of the smog, that the price you would have to pay to really do something about it is a price that people aren't prepared to pay—the price of human dispersal. Here is the mind of a true conservative, who recognizes limits of political action, recognizes that every problem does not beget its own solution.

He is going to surprise people, is my guess; and in the course of doing so, he will be reminding his Liberal brethren, gently as always, that the venerable practice of inviting such as Sammy Davis Jr. and Frank Sinatra and Shelley Winters to the stage of Madison Square Garden wherefrom to hector the voting population on whom to vote for, has not gone out of fashion, and that therefore those who believe a conservative actor should not take political positions live, most of them, in glass houses.

And, finally, what it will come down to of course is this: Pat Brown or Ronald Reagan? Only those who believe it is better to bear ills one has than to fly to others we know not of will vote for the former.

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The Third World War

Popular Front Party Coming?

JAMES BURNHAM

In her syndicated column a few weeks ago, Mrs. Alice Widener predicted that a new left-wing political party would be in the field for the 1968 election. It would be, in political substance, a revival of the Progressive Party that ran Henry Wallace for President in 1948. She believes that the Communists, who were the initiating and guiding force of the Progressive Party, have already reached a decision to this purpose.

Burnham

Mrs. Widener finds particularly significant the recent publication by a left-wing publishing house of the first volume of an elaborate study of the Wallace movement: *Gideon's Army,* by Curtis MacDougall, a Northwestern University professor who was enthusiastically involved in it, and has not—as have many others, among them Wallace himself—seen fit to question his enthusiasm.

I think Mrs. Widener's prediction on the whole probable—with one key qualification: namely, that the Vietnam war continues at least through 1967.

Under the political conditions obtaining since the end of the Korean War, the Communists have found it expedient to operate primarily through the Democratic Party, in some sectors of which (e.g. Alaska, California, New York City "reform" faction, Oregon, District of Columbia) they have done rather well. But "the war policy" of the Johnson Administration means a direct confrontation with "the camp of peace." Politically it becames impossible for the Communists to support the national Democratic Party (though it can still orient to the Democratic Party in certain states or cities). More than that: if the circumstances remain unchanged, the Communist Party is virtually compelled, in a national campaign, to go openly and all-out against "the aggressors"—that is, against the ticket of the party that has been running the war. But at the same time support of the Republicans seems excluded, unless the Republicans should decide—as is not quite impossible — to make the 1968 race on a get-the-boys-home-from-Vietnam platform. Where, then, are the poor Communists to go?

The Line Forms Here

Let us turn from the quantitatively small band of Communists and fellow travelers to the broad army of the Liberal, socialist and miscellaneous-revolutionary Left. There the issue of the Vietnam war has provoked a split that is daily both spreading and deepening. It reaches from the halls of Congress (Gruening, Morse . . .) across the campuses and through the woolly-Liberal groups (SANE, pacifist, one-world) down to the beatnik and nihilist dregs. The course of time tends to solidify the opposition attitudes. How can these types—after denouncing the napalm and tortures of the Johnson-McNamara war—turn around the next day and vote for Johnson's re-election?

Now it is true that the greater part of the broad Left is not only non-Communist but more or less reluctant to collaborate with Communists. But the non-Communist anti-war Left is caught in a political bind. You cannot have *two* new parties organized, fundamentally, on an anti-Vietnam war basis. It would seem that the only solution is one or another sort of popular front in which all the anti-war forces—and radical elements hitching a ride on the anti-war train—would come together in a de facto coalition.

In our age developments of this sort are never, *pace* Stalin, confined to a single country. In Communist strategy, as in so many other matters France usually sets the style. The loose left-wing coalition that formed to back François Mitterrand is a model suited to more general application. It was not a formal, signed-and-sealed popular front such as that which put Léon Blum into office in the '30s. The French Socialists and Radicals, remembering they had been badly bitten, played shy. But the Communists proved flexible and, as always, willing to ignore "prestige politics" in the interest of basic political aims. Mitterrand wouldn't sign any joint document or consult the Communists formally on program. The Communists, knowing that his basic strategy coincided with theirs and knowing also that they were the only disciplined, coherent group in the coalition (as in the 1948 U.S. coalition backing Wallace), ordered their following into line.

Already the wave from France has sent ripples across the political surface of France's neighbors. In Italy the Communist Party leadership has charged the members to learn from the Mitterrand experience how to deal with their own problems. The British Communists have adopted a popular frontish resolution pointed toward the discontented left wing of the Labor Party.

Pure in Heart

The critical impetus to formation of a neo-Progressive Party in the U.S. would come from the war issue, but once formed it would not confine its interest to the war. It would be the catch-all grouping of the Left. We already know from the experiences of the past year how readily the intransigent civil righters join in a common front with the anti-war contingent. The students of the New Left are made-to-order recruits. The respectable corps — of preachers, teachers, members of Congress, pacifists, utopians, troubled or guilt-ridden citizens—would feel an occasional twinge when glancing at the wilder fringe. But they would comfort themselves by reflecting on the purity of their own hearts. Besides, don't we all know from pulpit, Court and editorial column that there is nothing wrong with Communists and slobniks that plenty of free speech won't cure?

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Reflections on Vatican II: Christianity in a Secularized World

Ecumenism, says the author, should be a militant alliance of Christians against the ungodly, not an accommodation with an increasingly secularized world

ARNOLD LUNN

"Many questions of the utmost importance," said the bishop who was having tea with us in a flat lent to us in Rome by a kind friend, "have been discussed by this Council but when a friend of mine, Father X, returned for a week to London, the only question he was asked was 'Will the Council change Catholic teaching on birth control?' "

During the weeks I spent in Rome the unofficial comments by various ecclesiastics were often more revealing than the official pronouncements. I recorded these every day before retiring. The reader will not, of course, expect me to name my informants.

Birth Control Pivotal

First as to birth control. In her long history the Church has had few more difficult problems to solve. The conservatives have a strong case. "How can the Church," they maintain, "continue to claim to be a divinely inspired guide on morals if the Church reverses what has been her consistent teaching throughout the centuries on one of the most important of moral problems?"

Of those who reject the Church's teaching on birth control some continue to go to the sacraments, some go to Mass but not to the sacraments and some give up going to Mass. "What worries us," said a very fine priest, "is that if the parents cease to go to Mass they won't take the children and the whole family is lost to the Church." "There are obviously," I said, "some cases in which nothing far short of heroic sanctity is necessary if married life is to conform to the Church's teaching." "I agree," said the priest. "Here is a case in point. A woman came to me who had twelve children, the last three deformed. I suggested that perhaps she and her husband could postpone further relations until she was past the age of child bearing. 'We have a very hard life,' she said, 'and this is one of our few pleasures. We can't give it up. Must we stay away from the sacraments?' " "I thought for some time and then said, 'I don't think that many priests would approve of the advice I shall give you but I'll take the responsibility of advising you not to stay away from the sacraments.' "

The Vatican Commission on this subject was divided, so I was told, into three groups, a) the conservatives who wanted no change, b) a group which placed great hope in the pill—a Bishop told me that a famous Catholic doctor told him that within two years an effective pill would be produced—and c) a small group which agreed with Archbishop Roberts and would allow contraception. The general view was that the discussion would continue and that there would be no definite ruling for some time.

Tolerance Enervating?

I have what might almost be called a hereditary interest in one of the great issues before the Council, the ecumenical issue. My father, the late Sir Henry Lunn, was indeed one of the pioneers of this movement. His health broke down as a medical missionary in India, where I was born, and in 1892 he convened the first of the Grindelwald Conferences at which Anglicans and Free Churchmen met to discuss the possibility of Reunion. My father was also largely responsible for bringing about the reunion of various Methodist Churches and he took me to the meeting to celebrate the occasion. As we left after the rejoicings, he said, "My dear boy, there was a great deal more life in Methodism when the Primitive Methodists doubted the salvation of all other Methodists than there is today," a revealing comment on what may be called the ecumenical dilemma. The skeptic has some excuse for suspecting that what is bringing the churches together is an increasing doubt about the doctrines which divide them. A bishop in Rome told me that a possible convert from American Protestantism had decided to stay where he was and told the priest who was instructing him that he could see no reason to become a Catholic when the Catholic Church was becoming Protestant. What is certain is that the ecumenical movement and the increasing influence of those who like to be described as progressive Catholics has coincided with a drop in converts and vocations. One bishop told me of a priest who three years ago was instructing thirty converts and has now not one convert to instruct. Another bishop gave me very similar figures.

(I met two bishops in Rome who had no belief in anything useful coming out of the ecumenical movement, but I also met a bishop who was a great enthusiast for the movement, a convert who had given proofs in his life of his readiness to make extreme sacrifices for the Faith. "I know," he said to me, "that there has been a sad falling off of converts. That is the price we have to pay. It is, I believe, only a temporary falling off, but bishops and priests are committed to a kind of truce. If a Protestant comes to me and asks me to give my reasons for accepting the claims of the Catholic Church then I shall do my best to convert him, but a bishop who went out of his way

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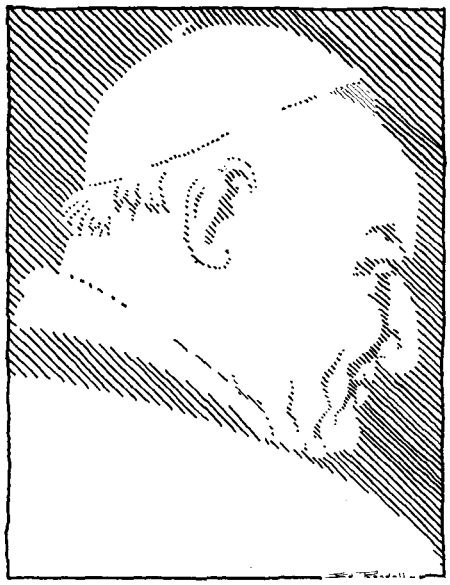

John XXIII

to maintain in public that no other form of Christianity than the Catholic is fully satisfactory would be accused of being unecumenical. You, as a layman, can write what you like." "In point of fact," I replied, "my policy has been rather similar. I defended Catholicism in books consisting of an exchange of letters with the ablest enemies of the Church whom I could find, the Anglican Dr. G. C. Coulton, C.E.M. Joad and the scientist J.B.S. Haldane, but I was twice asked to preach in an Anglican Church and did so with the permission of my bishop. On one of these occasions the Anglican vicar said, "We've asked you because you have never written anything offensive about Anglicanism.")

My own views on the ecumenical movement were summed up in an article, *Ecumenism—Militant or Defeatist?* which I contributed to the *Churchman* (September 1965), an Anglican paper, in the course of which I wrote: "The problem of the ecumenist is to ensure that we retain the fervor of our own beliefs while showing greater understanding of those we do not share. Increasing tolerance must not coincide with increasing indifference. I have co-operated with an Anglican, Garth Lean, in the writing of two books, *The New Morality* and *The Cult of Softness,* in which we defended the traditional Christian beliefs and moral code. Both of us are convinced that the beliefs which we share are incomparably more important than the beliefs which separate us. Both of us believe that the ecumenical movement is of great value in so far as it is an effective and *militant* alliance between *real* Christians who are united in resistance to those who are determined to suppress not only the Christian faith but also Christian morals."

There is indeed widespread misgiving in every Church about the increasing evidence of Christian defeatism. *Herder Correspondence,* a monthly review written in English and published in Germany, and appearing also in London and New York, created a sensation by an article with the title "Have Christians Lost Their Nerve?" Most of the bishops whom I met in Rome had read this article and none was inclined to dispute its depressing conclusions. A well-known bishop told me that he was having several copies typed and sent around. He too believed that the main trouble with the Church today is lack of courage. "Catholic journalists don't want to get their fingers burnt." He feared that the ecumenical movement was taking what little was left of the fight out of the Church. "Christ said 'They will throw you out of the synagogues.' Today we priests are being invited to preach in synagogues. Too many of our Catholics are like the pale tepid lot who Dante said were not fit for Heaven and too cheap for Hell. (He wasn't going to bother to speak about them. Just look at them and pass on. *'Non ragionar di lor, ma guarda e passa'.* The great word now is 'dialogue,' which means futile conversation between Christians of different communions, none of whom has any real belief in anything which he professes. Another popular word is 'encounter,' which means meeting God rather less than half way."

Today nearly a third of the world is Communist. Why? Partly because Communism was propagated by fanatic missionaries for Marxism, and even today most Communists in the Free World are ardent propagandists for the cause, but not one Christian in a thousand makes the slightest effort to convert an atheist or agnostic. They rationalize their reluctance to master their own case, let alone propagate it, by such formulas as "Nobody is ever converted by argument, only by setting a good example." What Communists have ever said that the only way to spread Communism was by setting a good example?

Some Catholics even go further. Mr. St. John Stevas, a conservative Member of Parliament, assures us that "for the educated Catholic apologetics and polemics are out," but for Mr. St. John Stevas neither conservative apologetics nor anti-Socialist polemics are "out." It is only "uneducated" for the Catholic to state his case. No wonder that, as an eminent Catholic remarked to me, "Catholics are no longer unpopular because they've discovered that we're innocuous." The campaign for unilateral disarmament is certainly making good progress. The Editor of the *Catholic Herald* assures us Catholics are no longer satisfied with "defensive apologetics"—as if apologetics are exclusively "defensive," but demand instead "a new Christian dynamism in the fields of housing, race discrimination, social welfare and the need for developing nations." But no Christian should be *wholly* satisfied with purely secular remedies for our troubles. Christians risk no unpopularity by attacking "race discrimination," but it is increasingly unpopular to attack religious discrimination.

In Rome I discussed the religious situation in Communist countries not only with exiles but also with those who were returning to the countries in question. In Hungary the situation is perhaps improving, but according to *Communist* statistics 60 per cent of the Poles still practice their religion, but no such Pole has any hope of a succcessful career. They are 'second-class citizens.' A Russian, a former professor at a Russian university and an observer delegate at the Council on behalf of the Russian Church in exile, told me that Moscow would never let the Patriarch of Moscow attend as an observer. There were 1,600 churches in Moscow before the revolution. Now there are twenty. Parents are not allowed to teach religion to their children until they have reached the age of seven. In their schools they are taught that science has disproved religion and no Russian below the age of eighteen may attend Church.

There are some Catholic papers, such as the *Tablet,* which do not allow their readers to forget the plight

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of persecuted Christians, including Christians who are not in communion with Rome, but in general the contrast is depressing between the *esprit de corps* of Jews and Negroes and the lack of Christian *esprit de corps*. When the Jews were persecuted by the Nazis they never allowed anybody in the rest of the world to forget their plight, but today far more Christians are agitating against racial apartheid in South Africa than against religious apartheid in the Communist world. I asked a bishop in Rome if he could explain this contrast. "I am afraid," he said, "it is nothing new. When priests were being martyred in Elizabethan England there was not much concern about their fate in Rome."

Preserve the Latin Mass?

The Council was responsible for great liturgical changes. The introduction of the vernacular was undoubtedly beneficial but as President of the Latin Mass Society I presented to the Pope our petition that in any church in which there is more than one daily Mass, one of these should be in Latin. It has been argued that only well-educated Catholics appreciate the Mass in Latin. This I know to be untrue but even if it were true the Universal Church in her charity should find a modest niche even for the well-educated.

The supreme problem facing not only the Catholic Church but Christianity as a whole today is the growing secularization of our world. There is indeed a concerted and effective attempt to capture the mind and culture of countries still nominally Christian for anti-Christian secularism. The Christian reaction is pitifully ineffective. Man is by nature conformist and easily intimidated by the tyranny of fashion. It is natural that he should desire to be "with it." As the contrast between the Christian and secular culture becomes more marked, the Christian is tempted to play down all that still separates him from the secularists, and to seek to conciliate a secular society by identifying himself with fashionable causes.

I remember quoting to a bishop in Rome a comment in *Herder Correspondence*—"It is surprising that since prominent English Catholics unpopularly supported the Franco side in the Spanish Civil War, no group representative of English Catholicism has initiated or associated itself with an unfashionable cause, foreign or domestic. In a society which rejects and attacks much of what Christianity stands for there must be many such causes at hand." Authentic Christianity has always been and will always be unpopular.

"It is curious," said the bishop, "that you should have raised this point. I recently preached at the ordination of a young priest. 'I hope that in your priestly career,' I said, 'you will make many friends but if at the end of your life you cannot recall any group which was hostile to you you will have failed as a priest.' "

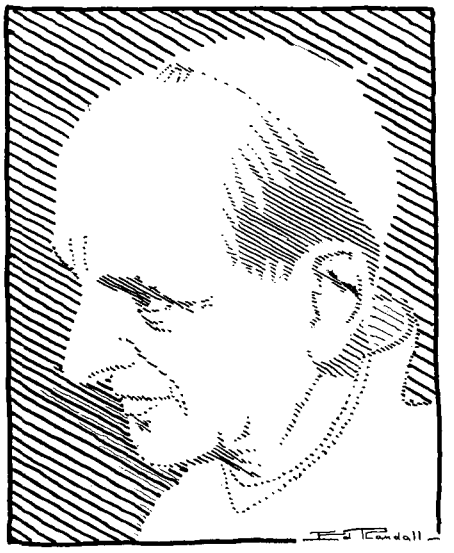
We ask: has the Vatican Council given a strong lead to Christians and not only to Catholics who wish to co-operate for effective action against increasing secularism? Some would answer this question in the negative. A bishop described to me a curious scene which he himself had witnessed. An African ecclesiastic whose great-grandfather might perhaps have been a cannibal, said to three or four bishops, of whom my friend was one, "You can talk of nothing but the Bomb and the Pill, the Pill and the Bomb instead of thinking how the Church can get its message to the unconverted. 'What think ye of Christ? Whose son is He?' You're all afraid of ideas. But our religion began with an idea. In the beginning was the Logos. Why don't you join with us to build a new world, and stop all this talk about the Bomb and the Pill. You live in fogs. We live in sunshine. When your countries were dynamic and founding great empires, an Archbishop like Becket might get murdered and it was unsafe to travel. Well it is not always safe to travel in my part of the world, and an Archbishop might still get murdered, but you have lost your empires and are at the end whereas we are at the beginning of something great."

"And what was the reaction of the bishops?" I asked.

"At first they said nothing and then one of them said, 'How ungrateful these Negroes are after all we have done for them by sending them missionaries.' "

I have some sympathy with this Negro bishop's impatience but I am sanguine enough to believe that there are good grounds for accepting the hopeful verdict of another bishop upon the achievements of the Council. This is what he said:—"This has been a great Council. The Pope has wisely allowed the eccentrics to have their say, and as the press is mainly interested in the abnormal their views have been given far more prominence than they merited, but every actual decision of the Council or statement by the Pope has been balanced. There has been no revolution but there has been real progress. Our relationship to other Churches is now on a much better basis and that is essential if real cooperation is to be achieved." (I had asked him whether effective cooperation against secularism might result from the Council.) "The real achievements of the Council cannot be judged by the public pronouncements. These are necessarily cautious but the Council has created a new spirit in the Church and what it has achieved will only become apparent as the years pass. Fifty years from now it will be recognized as having been one of the great Councils of the Church."

A recent pastoral of Cardinal Heenan's certainly provided evidence in support of the belief that the achievement of the Council should be measured less by what the bishops actually said in Rome than by what they initiate on their return to their dioceses.



Paul VI

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Can Britain Stop Rhodesia?

The author doubts that it can. Economic sanctions against Rhodesia are more likely, in his estimation, to strengthen the white hold on south-central Africa

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

The Rhodesian breakaway is, of course, tragic; a rending of old loyalties, a plunging of friends and kindred into unknown dangers, a further proof of the human sorrow which accompanies the liquidation of empires. And it brings nearer (though I hope and pray that it will not actually bring about) the nightmare possibility which has haunted us since the Socialists first came to power: that somewhere, some day, Britain might be taken into a war on the wrong side.

To suggest that Rhodesia's Declaration of Independence was a shock, however, in the sense of being a surprise, is absurd. I was in Salisbury in 1961, when Roy Welensky was still considered an extremist and the new Constitution was hailed as a triumph of British diplomacy: and I said then that the Rhodesians were being fast driven to the point where they would reject Welensky's brand of moderation and would close ranks with South Africa.

What was visible in 1961 has been absolutely unmistakable during the summer and fall: Mr. Smith was going to do what he had to do. It might have been cleverer and more prudent if he had simply slid Rhodesia away bit by bit with no formal cutting of the painter, but he is too straightforward a man and the Rhodesians had grown too impatient to be satisfied with such devious tactics.

How could anyone with his eyes and mind open have expected the negotiations to produce, in Mr. Wilson's words, a settlement "agreeable to the people of Rhodesia as a whole"? No settlement in this bad world was ever agreeable to any people as a whole. Certainly no developments which were agreeable to the white Rhodesians could have been agreeable to the black nationalists, or *vice versa*. But Liberals believe as an article of faith that political problems and social differences are always susceptible of a rational (by which they mean a Liberal) solution.

So convinced were the Liberals, by their own rhetoric, of the rightness of their stand that when Ian Smith declared his independence they were honestly surprised by it. Since Smith had seemed perfectly sane during his visit to London, he must have been pushed into it by "extremists" in his party, they argued—a theory for which there is no shred of evidence.

Mr. Wilson first dismissed a government over which he had no power and spluttered of "treason." To be sure, he refused to accede to President Kenneth Kaunda's request to send British troops into Rhodesia to protect the Kariba Dam. But pushed by the leftists in his own party, by the Afro-Asian ideologues in the United Nations—encouraged by the United States— he first froze Rhodesian assets in Britain and then imposed an oil embargo on Rhodesia in which the United States joined.

No one could have predicted last fall, when Smith severed connections with Great Britain, that within three months nine African nations, including Egypt, would have broken off diplomatic relations with Great Britain for its failure to bring Ian Smith's white Rhodesia to its knees. The deadline the Africans gave Harold Wilson—a Rhodesia brought low by December 15th—was unrealistic. Even had Britain been willing to use troops it could not have conquered Rhodesia in so short a time. And economic sanctions are double-edged weapons, effective only over a period of months, if not years.

Does Harold Wilson really believe that sanctions will produce a white counter-revolution or force Mr. Smith to retract? Probably not.

But a lot of Liberals probably do believe something of the sort. They declare in shocked tones that Mr. Smith's action "goes against the whole movement of the times" and "flies in the face of world opinion," and such actions, according to their creed, must inevitably be ill-considered, short-lasting and suicidal. They simply cannot believe that there could be another point of view or that "the movement of times" might be checked.

This utter failure of comprehension rendered the talks between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Smith useless from the beginning. The two sides were arguing from different premises, from different scales of values.

The predominance of Liberal thinking has prevented the proper questions ever being aired. To talk, for example, of 200,000 Europeans ruling four million Africans is prejudicial and misleading. The important question in Rhodesia (and indeed everywhere) is: who should choose the rulers? And the answer, whatever dogmatic egalitarians may say, is neither simple nor obvious.

But such niceties find no place in the British press. The left-wing papers continue to bay for blood, for armed intervention: journals of the center and of the Right merely bleat for sanctions. Only the Beaverbrook papers, nostalgic for the old Empire, have been unhappy about the idea of trying to coerce Mr. Smith at all. The BBC, which complied with government "suggestions," when Mr. Smith was in London, that he should be excluded from a television program, has as usual followed a straight Liberal line.

This virtual unanimity does not represent British public opinion. How public opinion divides is hard to assess, but divide it certainly does, with a lot of people strongly support-

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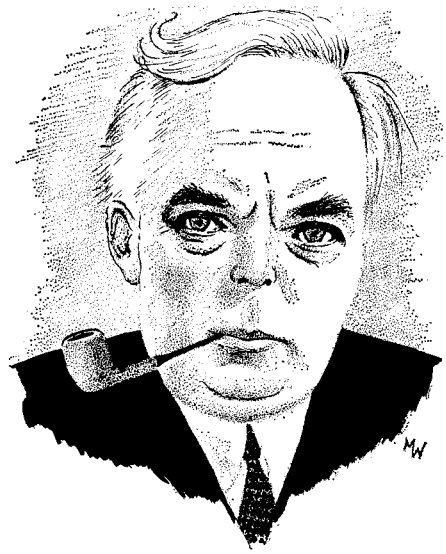
ing Mr. Smith. The Tory Party is bitterly split. Some left-wing Tories are more militant than Harold Wilson. The official Tory line is to support sanctions but not "penal" sanctions. Mr. Iain Macleod, who as Colonial Secretary, was himself responsible for hastily giving away large parts of the Empire, seems to think he could have negotiated more successfully than Mr. Wilson; thereby missing the point that in Rhodesia, unlike Kenya or Tanganyika or Uganda, the white population had the means to resist and were strengthened in their determination to do so by observing the fruit of Mr. Macleod's settlements elsewhere. On the right of the Tory Party, Lord Salisbury and Lord Coleraine compared Mr. Wilson's "spiteful and vengeful words" with "the sorrowful and generous words" of Mr. Smith—to Mr. Smith's advantage; and they probably had the core of the party with them.

The Rhodesians to whom I've talked in London have long been thoroughly distrustful of the British Government and are hurt to see so little public understanding of their position, but ordinary English people, they tell me, often come up and wish them good luck.

I certainly wish them good luck. If I had been Ian Smith, I should have done what he has done, and would probably have done it sooner. I may be proved wrong. The gamble may fail and the results may be terrible, but to take it was neither unreasonable nor reckless, and reasonable men should try to understand Mr. Smith's calculation.

Economic sanctions have never in the past had much effect on any country except to toughen its resolution and increase its self-reliance. Rhodesia is infinitely better placed than Cuba, for example, to survive a period of isolation and stringency: and Portugal and South Africa are much more capable of helping her than Russia is of helping Cuba.



Harold Wilson

The only real danger is of armed intervention by the United Nations, by "red soldiers in blue berets" (to quote Mr. Wilson again); and Mr. Smith believes neither Britain nor America would permit that calamity. The hostility of black Africa alarms him not at all; he knows how ineffective the raids into Portuguese territory have been, and he shares the opinion expressed recently with such remarkable frankness by Dr. Banda that events in the Congo have "proved ten Rhodesian mercenaries could whip 5,000 so-called African soldiers." For "world opinion" he cares nothing; it is against world opinion, against "the movement of the times" which, as he sees it, would hand Rhodesia over to be ruled by anti-Western savages, that he rebels.

What the final consequences will be he cannot know now, any more than I could predict them in 1961. But I say again what I said then: that it was inevitable the white Rhodesians should take the risk; that the likeliest development is the very one which Liberals most abhor, a close union, military, economic and ultimately political, between Rhodesia, South Africa and the Portuguese territories; and that such an alliance, a *laager* of European civilization defending itself against the vast but disorganized black masses to the north, will be very strong indeed.

Letter from Rome

Beauty and the Beatniks

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

The new Vandals have conquered Rome, and I can say I was there. It was done in twenty minutes flat. A huge bunch of beatniks descended upon the Spanish Steps—that luminous structure of incomparable beauty—fought a token battle with embarrassed *carabinieri*, and sat down for good. It was, I swear, the most terrifying thing I had ever seen.

They came like a cloud of filthy locusts. Their ugliness—an ostentatious ugliness—was absolutely unreal. Those scrawny, contorted bears! Those demonstrative crusts on unwashed bare feet! Those twisted eyeglasses! And their girls! Long hair, undone; and all those poor creatures, pale and rigid, looking exactly like the carcasses of slaughtered pigs. My horror, I confess, was primarily esthetic. Beauty, I have always believed, is the only excuse, and the only compensation for the stupidity of the young. Ugliness is a privilege of the old. It is bearable only when it is etched by the long suffering of experience into tired faces. These youngsters who were storming the Spanish Steps carried their studied ugliness like a poisonous weapon. Which is exactly what it was. The beatniks, I am quite certain, use the make-up of ugliness to petrify the bystanders. And they certainly succeeded in Rome.

To be ugly, in Rome, is quite a trick. Those many people who watched the onslaught, Romans and tourists, were taken by surprise. What do you do, when in Rome, in the face of such utterly unexpected ugliness? The people, who were watching the

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new Vandals conquer the Spanish Steps, invariably smiled. (I was literally the only one who looked angry—at least I think, and hope, that I looked angry.) A few times, a couple of *carabinieri* chased a couple of beatniks up and down the Spanish Steps, but such indecisive guerrilla warfare made things only worse. The beatniks were better sprinters than the *carabinieri,* if only because they were not hampered by those incredible Roman sabres. And besides, the lifeless girls were unsurmountable obstacles: What's a *carabiniere* to do when an utterly unpinchable girl gets in his way? He scares.

As I said, it was all over in twenty minutes. The locusts covered the whole structure, making weird sounds that made you absurdly think of singing, and were moderately jolly. The *carabinieri* had shyly disappeared. The bystanders stood no longer by, but proceeded to sundry *trattorie.* The beatniks, too, unwrapped their substantial lunch-bags. Rome was conquered.

I wonder whether it was different when the Vandals conquered Rome the first time, some 2,000 years ago. I am pretty sure it was. True, most likely, the Roman masses hardly resisted the rape of their city, because civilized people are always too scared, and too skeptical, to resist violence. But at least the Vandals of 2,000 years ago were ferocious and beautiful savages, possessed by healthy appetites and armed with physical strength. But these new Vandals of 1965 were nauseating degenerates. They were, above all, repulsively ugly—and I am sorry if I repeat myself; but their ugliness was indeed the one outstanding feature of the nightmare.

Well, looking at what the contemporary non-theater calls "the happening," I gained a new insight into the essence of the New Left. It is, as all sociologists agree, a typical Rebellion Without A Cause—but is it? There, at the Piazza di Spagna in Rome, it seemed to me that I was discovering The Cause. This rebellion, I thought, is a rebellion against beauty—and, as beauty is an effect of order on matter, a rebellion against order.

It all started, one will recall, with Dr. Wilhelm Reich's discovery of the "Orgon-Box," the characteristic gadget of The Sexual Revolution. (For latecomers I should add that Dr. Wilhelm Reich, a genius without genius and without humor, begat Norman Mailer, who begat Kerouac, who begat Ginzburg.) To Dr. Reich, whom I knew well, and cherished, before he turned paranoiac, sexual inhibition of any kind was the one and ultimate cause of all social evil; and, as he gradually grew sick, Dr. Reich came to define anybody who so much as skipped a single theoretically attainable orgasm as "sexually inhibited." From there, it was only one final jump into the Orgon-Box—a pretty ordinary kind of coffin which, if you slipped into it regularly and with a certain ritual, would endow you with optimal prowess.

Now what makes Dr. Reich the granddaddy of the New Left is the queer idea that it is man's inalienable right, and within his power, to attain all the kicks there are. The poor fellow took the "Pursuit of Happiness" a bit too literally; and he reduced it to the physical sensation, the kick, that seemed to him all that mattered. The path of Science is strewn with such idiocies, and most of them were harmless. Those of Dr. Reich were not—and not because they were less idiotic than other idiocies, but merely because a generation was growing up that was utterly "pragmatic," finally sick and tired of "ideals," "ideas," and of devotion to any extra-personal aim, drive, or dream.

Provocation Is the Kick

In other and more "scientific" words, this generation turns against order — *any* kind of order, even Marxian order. It can "connect" only with the physically perceived ego. And it can perceive only physically. Now the old-fashioned anarchist was entirely an idealist, inasmuch as he based his concept of "anarchy" on a serene and innocent notion that man, if unhampered by organized society, will out of his own goodness arrive at perfect, because voluntary, co-operation with his fellow men. Not so the new "anarchist" of the New Left. He deems social order, *any* social order, to be *per se* insufferable. And, because he instinctively knows that order is its prerequisite, and its creative force, he opposes beauty. Finally, he rejects all experience that goes beyond and outside the physical ego and, thus, he must envision his fellow man as a competitor of his own ego. (There is, you see, in the Orgon-Box, room for only one.) The Sexual Revolution ends, quite inexorably, as a self-infatuation that, in order to attain all the possible kicks, reduces all human traffic to provocation.

Provocation, indeed, is the substance of the New Left. And not provocation that means to accomplish reform, but provocation for its own sake. It is not a means, but an end. For provocation is already the kick. The poor slobs have discovered, although they don't tell anybody, that Dr. Reich's guarantee-proof orgasms aren't so hot either; and that, therefore, the Reich-kind of kick must be constantly bolstered by the kick of provocation. Naturally, they will soon discover that provocation isn't so hot, either; and so most of them will resignedly turn into normal citizens. But in the meantime, the swarm of locusts.

And let no one think that it is all a cinch. It takes hard work to grow as filthy as they are—hard work, and a special kind of demanding vanity. The corsetted young ladies of yesterday suffered less for their beauty's sake than the young men of today who go through months of horrid itching before their beards grow revolting. And it takes a lot of harsh self-discipline not to admire with awe the perfection of the Spanish Steps, but rather to pollute them.

Indeed, we the bystanders are the really guilty party. What these revolting youngsters secretly desire, when they are provoking us, is our response to their provocation. But we are cheating them out of it. We just stand by. Our society, smiling and "tolerant," is unprovokable. In fact, the grown-ups are anxious to do the frug and the watusi as provocatively as the filthiest beatniks. For it's all in fun.

But it isn't. Those Vandals I've seen in Rome *are* Vandals. The locusts descend upon beauty and destroy it. The Eternal City is being ravaged. And unless society does the beatniks the favor they are secretly begging for, and responds to the provocation, we are approaching the Age of Ugliness.

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British Press Postscript

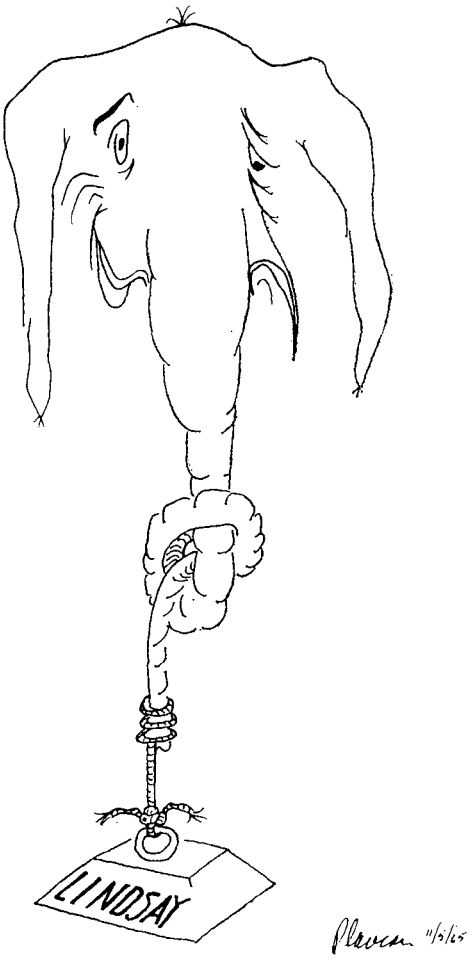
Coriolanus as Gadfly

JAMES FLETCHER

Flippant American circles in Oxford have recently been discussing an allegorical painting hanging in a Fleet Street office. The gaudy, just-dry Daliesque effort depicts an ascendant John Lindsay, complete with halo and surrounded by clouds, rising from a group of tiny, ratlike creatures (presumably the Republican Party) into a firmament full of skyscrapers. Below stands a vanquished William Buckley, immaculately togaed as Coriolanus, backed by various unsavory folk who seem to be treading with muddy feet on realistic renditions of ethnic types. A funny little man dressed as Harlequin and looking like Abraham Beame dances in the left-hand corner. Among the mutilated dead are Charles Buckley and Adam Clayton Powell. Hubert Humphrey and Robert Kennedy, curiously, welcome Lindsay to the stratosphere, in company with a seraphically smiling Newly-Liberated Negro Voter.

The painting does not, of course, exist, in spite of various calls to Fleet Street during the past week by the American embassy to find out why Lyndon Johnson isn't in the picture. It does serve fairly well, however, for the tendency of the British press to confuse the election of John Lindsay as mayor with the Second Coming. One might find this tribute from the provincial journals of the fifty-first state merely a tailwagging and typical bow to the opinions of Walter Lippmann were it not for the almost-respectable treatment accorded the Buckley campaign.

With the exception of the *Guardian*, the major British newspapers and topical periodicals followed the American press in seeing Buckley as a charming anachronism. (The Lippmann - Evans - Novak - Alsop - Reston view of Buckley as menace entered the British press only at the end of the campaign. The Political-Columnists-for-Lindsay effort just before Election Day made itself felt in England chiefly through the international editions of the *New York Times* and the *Herald Tribune*.) The October 30 *Economist* compared Buckley with Evelyn Waugh, calling him "Catholic and conservative, wealthy and witty . . . a man of inordinate charm as well as arrogance." the *Times* labeled Buckley "sophisticated and somewhat cynical," and the *Sunday Observer's* Joyce Egginton titled a piece made



up mainly of Buckley quotes "The outsider on the Right." The terms "gadfly" and "spoiler" appeared frequently, always in grudgingly favorable contexts.

On October 31 the *Sunday Times* printed a long analysis of the campaign by Henry Brandon ("The gadfly gets ahead of the thinking man") which reiterated some arguments that had appeared in the American press—chiefly that Buckley's effort represented a continuing suicidal tendency on the part of Republicans. Brandon and others ignored Linday's virtual renunciation of party. From this point the British view of Buckley became one of fascinated fear: he's nice-but-he's dangerous. Hella Pick noted in the *Guardian* that Buckley had not "dared to take his campaign into Harlem." The reason, of course, was that the Buckley campaign was never directed specifically at bloc or area voting, and if it had been, Harlem would hardly have been the place for a Conservative to look for votes.

The antidote to Buckley-as-fascinating-menace was, predictably, John - Lindsay - as - Messianic - hero. Brandon offered a mythical Lindsay, "young and intelligent . . . modern-minded, energetic and of a craggy handsomeness," a man who could "drain the bloodstream of Rightwing poison." *The Times*, also praising Lindsay's youth (a political asset since the days of Kennedy), called him "handsome and talented, a striking contrast to the Richard Nixons and other tired men who have failed to meet the Kennedy-Johnson challenge." Lindsay is 43, Buckley 40.

Oddly enough, one of the most favorable notices of the Buckley campaign came in the *New Statesman*. Nora Sayre, in an article entitled "God and Man in New York," may have been affected by fellow-feeling for the editor of a political periodical on the other side of the fence. Miss Sayre recounted her enamourment (however embarrassed) thus:

". . . Buckley, who is supported on the unfolded wings of Barry Goldwater and Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce, is a gift [to Liberals] for two reasons: first, because he's so luxuriantly extreme as to delight those who oppose him, and second, because some of his criticism of New York's footless government is just. During a recent television debate, viewers who disrelish Mr. Buckley's beliefs rocked with joy as he made Republican candidate Lindsay and Democratic candidate Beame seem equally imprecise. (Lately they have been repeating one another, or else bickering on such miniature points that they deserve Buckley's reproof that their differences 'are biological, not political.') On my set, the image was distorted,

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so that each candidate's *Doppelgänger* stared over his shoulder. Yet the picture was sometimes mysteriously cleared when Mr. Buckley's battered elfin face appeared—perhaps it was celestial intervention."

The assessment goes downhill from this point, still fascinated, but using the guilty-by-association techniques of assuming that Buckley is responsible for various excesses of some of his supposed window-breaking followers—who, Miss Sayre generously acknowledges, "are surely not on his staff." Two points are worth noting. First, *disrelish* seems to be a chic new verb with the connotation "to like but to disapprove of ideologically," or perhaps, "to agree with secretly but to disapprove of for social reasons." And then it is remarkable that the *New Statesman* has for once recognized divine intervention, albeit flippantly. Retrogressive, that.

Lindsay's Apocalypse

Sadly—because one cannot help feeling sympathy for him—Mr. Beame was virtually ignored. Alistaire Cooke, whose virulence during the campaign was not entirely predictable, called Beame "the grey-haired Democratic midget." Otherwise, the English press depicted Beame (always mentioned last) as a colorless, fiscally-sound bookkeeper who might have to be rehabilitated if he won.

It was the *Economist* that gave Buckley the identification with Coriolanus. One of the chief reasons for the emphasis on the Buckley political acumen (some papers) and/or the Buckley charm (all papers but the *Guardian*) was the increasing fear of a very large Buckley vote. The source of the fear was the New York press, which increasingly pushed up the possible Buckley total (to 500,000 or 600,000) in order to make any smaller showing look like a serious setback for conservatism. In mid-campaign Robert Donovan suggested (in the *Herald Tribune* international edition) a 300,000 total. Estimates rose rapidly, especially among columnists, until election day. And the record 339,000 Conservative votes appeared curiously small.

The Apocalypse which Lindsay's election represented to the British press (almost entirely decidedly to the left of the American press, with the exception of the eastern seaboard papers from Washington northwards) came as a signal of the rebirth of Republicanism in a Democratic image. The insistence on the heavy impact of the Negro vote in the accounts of both the *Times* and the *Guardian* emphasized the connection. Editorials in both papers celebrated the Lindsay victory. Lindsay, who had progressed from being "handsome" in most stories to being "alarmingly handsome" in Alistaire Cooke's final account for the *Guardian,* was applauded in the international editions of the New York papers as being a renouncer of party. The *Times* alone credited the strong Buckley showing, admitting editorially what its columns had not: "his strength probably lay . . . in his frankness and intellectual vigor . . . qualities . . . American cities are obviously seeking."

Perhaps the key lesson of the campaign as reported in England is that all the international reporting of much of the British press, especially the daily papers, is highly impressionistic. Some accuracy, a good deal of hearsay. The Buckley campaign obviously made a strong impact on the sensibilities of British correspondents; they liked the man, they liked the style. And yet their response to the severe treatment of Buckley in the New York press did much to counter what they saw and heard of Buckley himself. No English correspondent seems to have gone into the question of how much, in 1965, a candidate's position may be separated from his style; as the radical (in the old sense) candidate, Buckley offered the most consistently interesting and challenging solutions to the problems confronting the city. Some correspondents admitted this. But none would accept the solutions because they had been classed as "rightist" and also because they believed that somehow the man and his opinons could be separated, one accepted and the other rejected. Such a dissociation is dangerous, particularly when, as it did in the 1964 Presidential election, it forces a rethinking of personal attributes in ideological terms.

The rapprochement between Lindsay and the President after the election—and the reluctant Presidential endorsement of Beame indicates that there may have been no great breach anyway—may bode ill for the more radical elements on the Democratic Left. Mr. Johnson is now in the picture, and the disavowal of party labels by Lindsay may bring the two closer still—to the obvious discomfort of the Kennedys and Hubert Humphrey.

Alistaire Cooke, in a review of Theodore White's *The Making of the President 1964,* suggests that the Republican Party is dying, to be replaced by a single Social Welfare party, something like Mr. Johnson's leftist consensus. With a combination of name-calling and oversimplification, Cooke asserts that the opposition to the Left will be "a militant fascism masquerading as frontier democracy." The Goldwater campaign, presumably, is the antecedent of the "militant fascism." Cooke has been looking at too many below-the-belt Herblock cartoons and reading too much Walter Lippmann. But he does come close to recognizing in the 1964 campaign what the New York mayoralty race confirmed: that a meaningful opposition in the late 1960s and the 1970s must base itself on the principles (but not necessarily the strategies) of 1964. Otherwise, the opposition will not merely lose elections; it will cease to be an opposition.

Blues for a Draft Card Burner

(*In the World War I manner*)

If you don't like your Uncle Sammy;
    If you don't like the Red, White and Blue;
If you've simply *abhorred*
Every Legion award;
    If you *pale* when the Daughters rendezvous;
If you find, chum, you're out of step, chum;
    If your i-dee-o-lo-gee is too tabu;
Give a thought, please, before you knock it—
    Don't bite the hand that's feeding you-u-u!

W. H. VON DREELE

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Special Report

Reflections on Asian Anti-Communists

WALTER H. JUDD

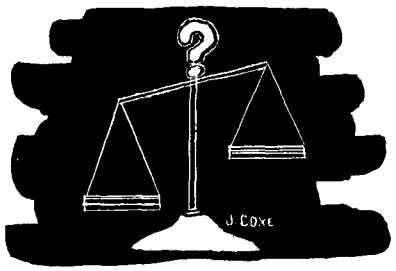
In September I attended a five-day conference in the Philippines under the auspices of the Asian Peoples' Anti-Communist League. This organization was formed eleven years ago, just after the Korean War, at the initiative of non-governmental groups in South Korea, Free China, the Philippine Islands, Vietnam and Thailand. They understood that the armistice agreement in Korea, still no more than a truce, would free the Chinese Communists to expand their subversive efforts in all the countries around China. The Asian Peoples' Anti-Communist League has been extraordinarily successful in its efforts to awaken people to the Communist threat. This year there were 115 delegates to the Manila Conference from 21 Asian and African countries. They included one white country, Australia, and five African countries, Kenya, the Congo (Léopoldville), Liberia, Somalia and Malagasy.

Asian People Nervous

The people of Asia are nervous because they know China cannot yet hit the United States or Europe with its A-bombs, but it *can* hit South Korea, Japan, Taiwan, the Philippines, South Vietnam, Thailand, India.

The second main factor causing uneasiness in Asia is lack of complete certainty regarding the dependability of the United States as an ally. The Asians have not forgotten that during the war we publicly promised at Cairo that Manchuria would be returned to China, and then secretly pledged control of the ports and railroads of Manchuria, which meant control of Manchuria, to the Soviet Union. They know that while our government said it would never tolerate a Communist regime in Cuba it is not only tolerating such a regime, it is in effect protecting it.

I must admit that I was shaken by the statement of a high official of one Asian country, formerly that nation's ambassador to the United States and its delegate to the UN General Assembly. When asked why *his* country



did not ask the League to meet there next year he replied, "Look at Laos." He has not forgotten that the United States, which criticized India and Indonesia for neutralism, turned around and forced the government of Laos to adopt neutralism and admit Communists into a coalition government, after that country had rejected neutralism and committed itself unreservedly to the free world. Obviously he feared that the United States, which is now supporting his country in anti-Communism, may decide that it, too, should at some point go neutralist and form a coalition with the Communists.

Another factor which shakes the people of Asia is the public opposition to President Johnson's policies in Vietnam by a number of prominent Democratic senators. Criticism of U.S. policies by influential writers, artists and professors, student demonstrations and teach-ins, we take as evidence of freedom. But to the people of Asia such opposition indicates deep and profound division in our country. How can they be expected to support the President's policies if some of his own chief lieutenants do not support them?

LBJ Inconsistent

A fourth disturbing factor is the President's own repeated assurances that we have no desire to overthrow the Communist governments in Hanoi and Peking. One Asian told me our President had given this public assurance on fifteen occasions. The Asians know that until, or unless, the people of China regain their freedom, there will be no peace or security in Asia.

What were the main recommendations of the Conference?

First was the call for all-out support of South Vietnam. Asians know that South Vietnam is the test case now, as Korea was in 1950, and Quemoy in 1958. Communist victory in South Vietnam would lead almost certainly to the disintegration of effective resistance in all Asia. There were repeated and earnest expressions of appreciation for the U.S. effort. The delegates also urged an alliance of all free Asian countries, based on the NATO model. They called on India and Pakistan (both of which had delegates at the Conference) to stop fighting each other and make mutual concessions in Kashmir to enable them to unite against the real enemy, Red China.

Time Is Running Out

They called for all countries, and they certainly were including the United States, to recognize that there is no hope for ultimate peace and security until the Red Chinese government is weakened and the Chinese people are allowed some degree of freedom and self-determination. They realize that the time may be short for successful actions against Red China. They recognize the difficulties and dangers in defeating Communism in that part of the world. But they know that the difficulties and dangers involved in allowing things to drift are far greater. They are not as afraid of Red China now as are most Americans. But they are more fearful than most Americans of what Red China may be in the fairly near future. They believe that to take stronger actions against Red China now is the safest course for Asia and the world.

In summary, the Chinese Communists do not need to win a military victory in Vietnam. If the peoples of Asia conclude that there is to be no real effort to liberate the Chinese they will have no choice but to yield to China's pressures, which would leave the United States and Europe facing inevitable disaster. Time is running out for us, too.

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National Review, Sí

Thoughts at a Birthday Party

GARRY WILLS

In 1957, a conservative journal of opinion celebrated its second birthday by publishing the *National Review Reader;* and an editor of a prominent weekly observing the *Reader* predicted the rapid disappearance of the magazine—presumably by direct intervention of an angry God. I reflected at the time that my intellectual life, and that of many others, would be a good deal less stimulating if this prophecy came true (though—considering the source—there was little chance it would).

Two years earlier, in 1955, *National Review* had lifted the spirits of a tiny band of conservatives who led an underground existence in a large Jesuit seminary, where political life "aboveground" was a subumbrous affair of Liberaler-than-thou mimicry. One "out-of-province" copy of the new magazine traveled rapidly underground; and, though sheer force of numbers kept us from having much of a voice in that community, whenever our voices were heard at all, they were usually lifted—thanks to *NR*—in laughter.

In the second year of the magazine's life, I had the privilege of working around its offices for several months. And what I had suspected was, it turned out, true: if *NR* was not the best magazine in America, at least its editors had more fun producing it than (I am convinced) any magazine's staff could possibly have. The operation reminded me of a description a Fleet Street waiter gave of the young Chesterton, writing his newspaper articles over a bottle of wine: "Mr. Chesterton is a funny man. He sits there, then laughs; then writes; then reads what he wrote, and laughs." In the offices of *NR,* the ripple of typewriter keys moves, always, over rhythmic tides of laughter. That is one reason why opponents of the magazine, many of whom have forgotten how to laugh, consistently misunderstand it. I had an experience of this myself. Over the phone to book editor Frank Meyer, I once parodied Fidel's current slogan, and the idle crack was repeated as such around the offices, eventually printed as such. "Mater sí, Magistra no." Whereupon an informal "committee on un-Catholic activities" met and, after a straw vote made easier by the fact that the members came wearing the straws in their hair, decided that Mr. Buckley had announced his apostasy in doggerel. No wonder such ridiculous people have—out of sheer self-defense—forsworn laughter.

The magazine made fun of itself from its first issue, which told the mock-epic (but true) story of how the Buckleys raised alumni donations to their Ivy League schools by daring to criticize those schools. (Today, student rebelliousness is treated with an almost religious awe when it washes unrestrainedly up and down the streets. But in 1951, some thought an auto-da-fé was in order because a student had used witty prose to criticize a Liberal administration. Better Mario Savio's barbarities at Berkeley than Bill Buckley's aphorisms—better, that is, simple restlessness than *real* rebellion).

It is still making fun of itself—as I found out last week, when I attended (observe the landmark, *America*) the magazine's tenth anniversary dinner. Clare Boothe Luce opened the evening with an impish huff at the fact that conservatives are called "little *old* ladies in tennis shoes." John Dos Passos mused on the Robin-Hood appeal that attracted him to "Buckley's rebel band." Barry Goldwater greeted Buckley as one lopsided loser to another, remarking only that *he* did not do it *on purpose,* like the "political kamikaze" sitting beside him.

One of the more serious notes of the evening was struck, with characteristic generosity, by Steve Allen, one of the Liberal sponsors of the birthday dinner. He thanked the magazine for making it possible, again, to converse with a reponsible organ of conservatism, and said it would be a sad day for our country if this undertaking were to fail—a remark that reminded me of *America*'s wishful thinking back in 1957. The reason *NR* has performed the function Mr. Allen described is precisely its humor, its refusal to become messianic, self-important, convinced that only *it* can save the world. It is the temptation of all journals of real dissent—i.e. those outside the Establishment—that their remoteness from the levers of actual power will lead them into a compensatory doctrinal purity by which they flaunt their difference from the "compromising" realists. (Cf. the Liberals for whom America's establishment is not Liberal *enough,* whose intransigence drives them to the outer reaches of martyrdom, self-immolation, and illegal protest.) An ideological sludge builds up in any "little magazine," but *NR* has been extraordinarily successful in rinsing it away, using that powerful solvent laughter. Even the gloomy prose stylist Whittaker Chambers was, when I saw him around the *NR* offices, beaming at the sallies that accompany editorial tasks there—and launching some of the most stinging shafts himself.

When, on Wednesday, the last bit of its copy is sent off to the printers, the *NR* staff gathers for drinks. Mr. John Leo recently attended one of these sessions, and editor Bill Buckley asked him if *Commonweal* has any such custom. When Leo answered no, Mr. Buckley winked at him: "Oh, that's right, you drive your *readers* to drink." Even worse (or better), they drive their readers to *NR*. Which reminds me: *NR* is not only a joy to write, but a joy to read. Keep that in mind, subscribers of the world, and, when your magazine folds—or even sooner—give *NR* a try.

(Reprinted from the *National Catholic Reporter*)

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

A House Among the Fisherfolk

In the medieval port of Pittenweem your servant has restored him a little old house of stone. It may have its ghost; one devoutly hopes so. Would that every reader of this page might save some pleasant archaic dwelling from the bulldozer's maw!

Kirk

Standing upon sand terraces above the rocky southern shore of Fife, Pittenweem—near the mouth of the Firth of Forth—looks into the North Sea. By the sea, the burgh has lived since the Dark Ages: by fishing, smuggling, even piracy. The snug ancient harbor still shelters forty craft. My house—which cost me $280, with another $280 for the ground behind it—has its back to the harbor, and from my close the most wonderful tarry wynd (lane) in Scotland twists down the hill, among red-pantiled roofs, to the nets and lobster-pots of my fisher neighbors.

This little tenement of mine, with its five rooms, faces upon the Square. From the Square, Pittenweem High Street runs straight to the town kirk, hard by venerable Pittenweem Priory. Nothing in the High Street has altered for a long while.

As it stands, my house probably is not more than 250 years old—though, Fife builders having been attached to old ways and forms, it looks a century earlier. Portions of it, however, are older far. For a generation before I acquired the little dwelling, it had stood derelict, albeit roofed with red tiles and its windows glazed.

But you ask after the house's ghost? Even Annette, companion of my joys, rather hopes he will abide with us—if friendly. (We haven't yet dwelt in the place—the painters have only just put the final touches to the restoration.) Presumably he will frequent the east bedroom, with its little gable window looking down the High Street to the austerely beautiful fortified tower (1588) of the kirk.

In that splendid tower, the wicked old witches of Pittenweem were imprisoned before being burnt or drowned or hanged; but though we can see the barred window of their grim gaol, it is not their shades which will linger about us—or we think not. Our revenant, we fancy, will be a gypsy and a primitive painter, named Palmer, hanged for murder late in the last century. Thereby hangs a true narration.

Some four years ago, while poking casually about forgotten Pittenweem, I chanced to enter a very ancient house, then being restored, near the kirk. In a corner, amid rubbish, I noticed a curious primitive picture, well executed in its fashion. It showed the High Street in 1898. Everything was drawn with a mathematical precision almost irritating—except for two figures of gentlemen with walking-sticks, their backs turned, who were proceeding toward the kirk. Somehow the painter—a glint of madness?—had made these gentlemen transparent, so that one saw through them to the stones of the kirk-tower.

The Very Same

Hoping that someone might save this curiosity, but having no claim upon the picture myself, I departed, expecting never to see the watercolor again. I was startled somewhat, the following year, when I happened to be in Pittenweem, inspecting yet another house, just restored, in the High Street. For on a wall in this second house hung my picture, now framed! Pleased that someone had rescued the oddity, I went my way.

But the following Christmas, the Mecosta post office delivered to me this very picture, a present from Mr. Hew Lorimer, the Scottish sculptor. It was he who rescued it from the first ancient house, and had lent it for an exhibition in the second house. Noticing my interest in the thing, he had taken it into his head that I ought to possess it—particularly because he had calculated that it must have been painted in the upper room at the house called No. 40 High Street, on the Square, which tenement I had since acquired! He was quite right: given the perspective in this picture, the view could have been taken only from the gable-window of the upper east room in what is now my Scottish *pied-à-terre*.

Yes, Palmer the gypsy had done this water-color; and not long after they had hanged him high as Haman. Who it was he slew, we do not know. Those two transparent gentlemen near the kirk? Or the exotic beauty whose portait is on the other side of this painted board? Will he whisper the secret to us, some misty night in Pittenweem?

Many, many have died in that stony town. In the cloister of the Priory, the sexton will show you with pride the Witches' Corner, where his ancestors burnt hags against the brown stones of the wall. Pirates were hanged at the end of the pier, beyond the tall house—called The Gyles—on the quay. To fife and drum ecclesiastic, the prior and three hundred men marched out of the Priory against the Fife lairds, during the bloody Reformation. The holy cave of St. Fillan, in Cove Wynd (Pittenweem means "the place of the cave") was a smuggler's lair, in the eighteenth century; and opposite the kirk, two bold smugglers commenced the robbery and affray which ended in the lynching of Captain Porteous, chief officer of the town guard of Edinburgh (see Scott's *Heart of Midlothian*). In 1705, the burghers of Pittenweem had three hours' sport in doing to death the reputed witch Janet Corphar—with the implied assent of the minister, though without sanction of a court of law.

We, nevertheless, propose to divert ourselves joyously in haunted Pittenweem, in the summer months. Not ghaist nor bogle nor fell auld carline shall daunt us. League yourselves with us, gentle readers, and set at defiance the dreary leveling spirit of this age.

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The Pattern of Our War

JEFFREY HART

In warfare, as in architecture or poetry, each period has a dominant style. The elaborate encircling sieges of Louis XIV went forward with all the decorous precision of a minuet; the king himself usually turned up for the dénouement attended by his mistress and his Epic Poet. More recently, the campaigns of Grant and Eisenhower quite clearly are continuous with the culture of the factory and the assembly line.

The importance of the Spanish Civil War lies in the fact that it was the prototype of a new style. Despite frequent claims to the contrary, it did not foreshadow World War II, which was really a replay of World War I. The Spanish Civil War established the pattern of our war, the internationalized civil war, and that is why it continues to be the subject of fascinated examination by such writers as Hugh Thomas, Allan Guttmann, and now Vincent Brome.

The two World Wars were fought between nations, and were thus an old model industrialized. The Spanish Civil War was international in quite another sense. Opinion outside Spain became deeply engaged, and all Western nations were divided within themselves. As Brome says, "the civil war in Spain represented a cleavage in European thought too deep and universal to remain confined to the Iberian peninsula." Significantly enough, the authoritative bibliography of the conflict, by Juan Garcia Duran (1964), provides a scholarly apparatus in three languages: French, English and Spanish. Most artists and intellectuals supported the Left, but some of the deepest did not: Yeats, Eliot, Santayana, Claudel, Waugh (and the best novel by far on the subject, Gironella's *The Cypresses Believe in God,* is sympathetic to the Nationalists).

The International Brigades, **by Vincent Brome. Morrow, $6.00**

The same cleavage in opinion has appeared again and again—over Yugoslavia, over Greece, Cuba and Vietnam. Each time the same ads and manifestos appear with the same old names, and one has the weird sensation that contemporary political history is a series of ideological stills. Both Sartre and Herbert Matthews, to mention only two, backed the Left in Spain.

Vincent Brome is a novelist and a BBC writer. When we also know that he has written biographies of H. G. Wells and Aneurin Bevan we know what to expect from him. He can blandly inform us that the Left in Spain "stood for a forward-looking humanist world"—a statement disproved on every page of his book. In addition, he tends to be naive in his use of sources. Straight-faced, he can pass on, from a Leftist memoir, the story of George Bright's death at Jarama. Shot through the head, Bright "staggered a moment, fell flat on his face, and died almost at once. His union card fluttered out as he fell." I know that life imitates art, but so can memoirs: WPA art.

'In warfare . . . each period has a dominant style.'

Yet, for all this, the book is valuable. The facts are there, and some wonderful vignettes. About 40,000 men from every European country fought in the Brigades. The idea of using such volunteers was the Comintern's, and the Brigades were 75 per cent Communist. Throughout Europe the Party set up recruiting centers, and Tito, living in Paris, ran an underground railway which smuggled the men across neutral France. In Paris the atmosphere was strictly "Knock three times and ask for Max." The OGPU investigated every volunteer and also used undercover operatives in Spain to check on political orthodoxy. At a camp in Albacete run by André Marty, a member of the Central Committee of the French CP, the men received sketchy military training and then a quick trip to the front. Every unit had a Communist political commissar. Non-Communists were valuable as camouflage or for their skills, but they could not wield power.

The only non-Communist battalion commander was the Englishman Wilfred Macartney, a good professional soldier; but "the Party leadership could not quite countenance a non-Communist leading the battalion in its first action," and so, on the eve of departure, Macartney was summoned to headquarters by car. "The Political Commissar of the British Battalion accompanied him, and somehow on the brief journey a gun went off accidentally and Macartney was wounded. . . . Tom Wintringham, a card-carrying Communist, took command." The famous Thaelmann Battalion sang Eisler's marching songs, "there was a big red flag at the head of the column, and each company had a red banner." Key posts in the International Brigade organization were filled by people later to be famous in the Communist world: Togliatti, Tito, John Gates, Steve Nelson. Brome's forward-looking humanists, one gathers. (Quite apposite is an irony of Hemingway's, from the supposedly Republican novel *For Whom the Bell Tolls:* Republican headquarters "was the place

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where you met famous peasant and worker Spanish commanders who had sprung to arms from the people at the start of the war without any previous military training and found that most of them spoke Russian.")

THE BRIGADES' best performance was at Madrid. Nationalist troops under General Varola (a Communist song promised to shoot him and three other generals on Christmas morning) would probably have broken through a key front, had not a furious charge by 2,000 men of the XIth Brigade thrown them back on November 8, 1936. The Brigade was electric with political enthusiasm—"anti-Fascist consciousness," as a graceful phrase has it—but even in its success it took a terrific battering and lost about half its men.

After Madrid, things went badly. Defeat produced disillusionment, and desertion and self-mutilation led to disciplinary execution. The Communist leadership confiscated passports in order to secure total control. At the decisive battle of the Ebro, the Communist commander Enrique Lister issued this order to his officers: "If anyone loses an inch of ground he must retake it at the head of his men or be executed."

Some famous men played sordid roles. The poet Stephen Spender, for example, visited the Madrid front in 1937 and happened to meet a young Englishman who had run away from school to fight because he identified the Spanish Republic with Liberalism.

> When he discovered that the Brigades were run by Communists, he was bitterly disillusioned. Spender pointed out that Communists or not Communists, the cause of the Republic remained a liberal cause. 'I don't know about that,' the young man said. 'All I see are the Communist bosses of the brigade.'

Within two months the boy was killed. Spender's next stop was a visit to "his friend Jimmy Younger, *who had joined the Communist Party under* Spender's influence" [italics added]. Well, Spender isn't much good as a poet, either.

Then there was the Communist orator La Pasionaria, whose miner husband and son were at the front. She shared an apartment with Togliatti and a lover named Anton.

Ah, those humanists.

Certainly one can pity the gullible who suffered and died in the Brigades, but the theory of gullibility has been vastly overworked. Most of the volunteers knew exactly what they wanted to do to Spain, and leadership was entirely in the hands of international professionals. One comes to understand entirely the feelings of Colonel Penarredona, who served under Yaguë (another of the generals promised a Christmas Day shooting). The colonel "singled out for his special loathing all international volunteers, and without any higher authority had issued orders that any such person captured in battle should be shot out of hand."

The last pages of Brome's book yield a rare, a delicious pleasure. The Brigades reel back, are smashed; everyone heads for the border; many of the leaders slink away to Moscow.

Books Abroad

● THE MASTERS: London's new weekly magazine on painting, *The Masters,* is edited by Sir John Rothenstein who retired last year as Director of the Tate Gallery. Each issue surveys, with the aid of reproduction, the work of a single master, ancient or modern. Contributors will include Sir Herbert Read and Sir Kenneth Clark, and it's hoped to sell around 200,000 copies a week at 6 shillings a copy.

● THE PRICE OF POETRY: Dominating figure at the London rare book and manuscript sales this past year has once again been Lew Feldman of the the House of El Dieff, New York. His most sensational coup in 1965 was at Sotheby's auction-room, where, against strong bidding from Yale, he secured the Commonplace Book of poet Robert Herrick. Price: £34,000, or just over $100,000. Described as a literary manuscript of the first rank, the book includes 12 pages of verse in Herrick's own hand—the sole example known—plus unpublished poems and other material of interest of scholars.

● BACK TO THE THEATER: Goldoni's "Venetian Twins" by an Italian cast at this year's Edinburgh Festival was an eye-opener for many British and visiting theatre-goers brought up on the English theatre, especially the *avant-garde* theatre of recent years. The play was the triumph of the festival despite its being in Italian. Audiences were stunned by the combination of speed and ordered movement, the brilliance of the acting, versatility of the cast—in short by the sheer theatricality.

● ELIOT MEMORIAL: A memorial plaque to T. S. Eliot has been unveiled by his widow, Mrs. Valerie Eliot, at the village of East Coker, Somerset, England, where the poet's ashes are interred. It was from East Coker in 1650 that Eliot's ancestors emigrated to America. The plaque is inscribed with the first and last lines of his poem "East Coker":

In my beginning is my end
In my end is my beginning.

● HOT ON THE SCENT: Even the most modest Liberal is apt to run wild at the first sniff of "McCarthyism." Which is amply illustrated by the behavior of the London *Times* at the recent conference at Cardiff, Wales. Among guests was Professor James McAuley, one of Australia's leading poets, noted for his educated opposition to Communism. During a session on freedom for the writer, McAuley, himself an advocate of cultural freedom, brought participants back to earth by pointing out that much of the best in literature is from ages in which there was not a great deal of freedom in the modern sense. His point: freedom may be important, but does not automatically bring about good writing. With true Liberal logic the *Times* reported the professor as supporting totalitarianism for the sake of literature.

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How Margaret Took Sherman

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

"SHE SAT at a spindly sewing table in an alcove of the front room under two small high windows. On the table was her Remington portable typewriter. At its left, a pile of yellow paper; at its right a growing pile of typed sheets. Margaret had no deadline. What she had was a story so nearly complete in her mind that she could write in any chapter at any time. She would write now toward the beginning, now in the middle, now at the end. . . . When Margaret completed a chapter she stowed it in a large manila envelope, which she stacked on the floor in a gradually heightening mound beside the sewing table. As 1927 passed, and the early months of 1928 arrived, the pile of envelopes grew nearly to the table's height and Margaret pushed it against the wall and started another. By the end of 1928, one stack of envelopes was solid enough to sit on—and some callers did. . . . For a while she used two or three envelopes as a prop under the leg of an ailing sofa. . . ."

Margaret Mitchell of Atlanta: The Author of Gone With the Wind, by Finis Farr. Morrow, $5.95

MARGARET MITCHELL—Peg Marsh to her friends, a "small, rather plump person with reddish brown hair, very blue eyes and a few freckles across a slightly uptilted nose"—was off on *Gone With the Wind*—off but hardly running.

Looking back on it, Margaret Mitchell might have been preparing for her major—and only important—work all her life. As a small child riding horseback in the rolling Georgia hills surrounding an Atlanta so small it barely rated the title of "city" she often ran into veterans of the Civil War:

> I recall one day when we flushed an old gentleman who had been with Wheeler's cavalry. He was a tough, wiry old fellow. And another veteran who had been in Stuart's cavalry remarked that the boys in Wheeler's cavalry were worse chicken thieves than Sherman's men ever were. Of course, after such an insult they went after each other at the tops of their voices, and with their riding crops. The language they used was highly entertaining and instructive to a small interested girl. They refought the old campaigns, and argued about the tangled, bewildering muddle of politics of Reconstruction days. So how could I help knowing about the Civil War and the hard times that came after it? . . . It all happened a few years before I was born.

After a single year in the North, at Smith College (her only real exposure to anything but Atlanta life), Margaret did the expected debutante bit and then the unexpected, for an Atlanta debutante—she went to work for the *Atlanta Journal.* A skeptical editor agreed to take her on, on consignment so to speak, and was so unexpectedly pleased with her performance on her first story that he called in a carpenter and had him shorten the legs of a desk and a chair to Peg Mitchell's size (4′ 11″). Among the idiosyncrasies she developed while working at the *Journal* was to write the final paragraph of a story first, and then build toward it.

So it was, when she quit the *Journal* after her marrige to John Marsh and started on *Gone With the Wind,* that the first chapter she wrote was the last in the book. The opening chapter was not to be written until eight years and 500,000 words later. She worked hard on *Gone With the Wind* for two or three years, then stuffed it away in its dusty, dirty and scribbled-over manila envelopes in various closets and cubbyholes around the apartment where it might be to this day had a catty friend not forced the issue.

It was in 1935, eight years after Margaret Marsh had first taken her seat at the spindly sewing table, that a Macmillan editor, Harold Strong Latham, arrived in Atlanta. He had been urged to take a look at Margaret's manuscript by Lois Cole, an old friend of Margaret's who worked for Macmillan's. "If she writes as well as she talks, it should be a honey," Lois had told Latham. Latham accordingly asked Margaret on three different occasions if he could see the book, and each time the answer was no. Until, driving home from a literary do one afternoon with some friends, Margaret mentioned Latham's interest in her manuscript and another would-be writer (woefully untalented, we gather from Margaret's subsequent recital of the incident) commented: "Peg, I guess you're wasting your time trying. You really aren't the type." Which made Margaret so mad that ". . . when I got home I grabbed what manuscript I could lay hands on and forgetting

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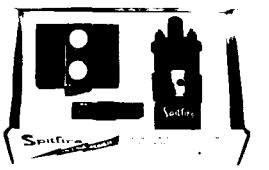
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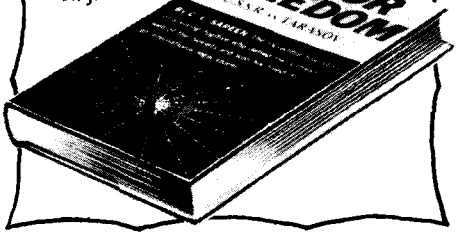

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entirely that I hadn't enclosed the envelopes that were under the bed or the ones in the pot-and-pan closet, I posted down to the hotel and caught Mr. Latham just as he was about to catch his train."

Latham read the manuscript aboard his Pullman that night—a manuscript without beginning, with no continuity, with many chapters missing and others in two or three different versions, the yellow pages curling with age, on some pages every line crossed out and rewritten in pencil — and knew he had a winner. In his hands he held what was to prove the biggest publishing success story of the twentieth century.

Within weeks, Margaret Mitchell was under contract and the hard business of pulling the sprawling half million word manuscript into shape began. It took her months and months. She had a horror of being caught in error and checked every fact in the book over and over, succeeding so well that, Mr. Farr says, "so far as can be discovered, there is not a single error of fact in the novel" (not, he adds, that the average reader would have cared). When Margaret dispatched the completed manuscript to New York six months later—confident that that was that; that all that remained would be to read the reviews and collect a few royalty checks—she commented to her husband that she felt like the man whose neighbors had ridden him out of town on a rail and who reported that if it wasn't for the honor of the thing he wouldn't care about it at all.

IN *Margaret Mitchell of Atlanta* Finis Farr has, if possible, topped his biography of Frank Lloyd Wright. He manages something rare in biography: to project the character of his protagonist without ever obtruding his own personality into the work. Only a writer with the polish and style and sensitivity of Finis Farr can manage to pull this off. *Margaret Mitchell* has obviously been brilliantly researched. And those details, those phrases, those quoted letters and incidents Mr. Farr spreads out before us are so obviously right one has a feeling their choice was inevitable (one is wrong of course; selection of the right and relevant detail is often the difference between success and failure in biography). We come away from *Margaret Mitchell of Atlanta* with the picture of a bright and courageous woman, kind, courteous, a good friend and a good enemy; witty, unpretentious, and when the occasion demanded, and it often did, caustic. The reader finds himself as pleased as Margaret Mitchell's own friends were at her startling success; her friends should be as pleased as the readers of this book that such a consummate craftsman as Finis Farr has chosen to tell the story of the author of *Gone With the Wind.*

A Sober Assessment

M. STANTON EVANS

A FULL two years after the event, the assassination of President John F. Kennedy remains a topic for international dispute. Assertedly brought into being to deliver a judicious verdict settling all questions about the President's murder, the special commission headed by Chief Justice Warren has manifestly failed to get the job done. The controversy persists.

The Unanswered Questions About President Kennedy's Assassination, by Sylvan Fox. Award Books, 75¢

The two major sources of dissent from the Commission's report are certain leftists in Europe and America who insist on believing, since the right wing is by definition responsible for all iniquity, that the right wing must have murdered Kennedy; and certain anti-Communists in America who conclude from Lee Harvey Oswald's Marxist affiliations that the murder must have been a Communist plot. Both groups draw support from a common fund of evidence having to do with lapses and omissions in the Warren Report. And while the vehemence of the dissenters sometimes makes the Commission look good by comparison, the fact remains that the lapses and omissions are there.

All of them are reviewed, calmly but devastatingly, in *The Unanswered*

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Questions About President Kennedy's Assassination.

The author, Sylvan Fox, has better credentials than some other dissenters from the Commission's findings, since he is the City Editor of the *New York World-Telegram and Sun* and a winner of a Pulitzer Prize. His book, in addition, bears an impressive endorsement from Edwyn Silberling, former chief of the Organized Crime and Racketeering Sec-

tion of the Justice Department. Most important, Fox neither begins nor ends with any observable political bias.

In essence, Fox concludes the Warren Commission was right in its findings incriminatory to Oswald, but wrong in its suggestion that Oswald necessarily acted alone. He concedes, as many critics of the Commission do not, Oswald's ownership of the rifle which fired at Kennedy, the evidence that he had fired it, and his presence on the sixth floor of the building where the shots originated. But while the Commission thus proved Oswald was involved in the assassination, Fox argues, it failed to prove Oswald was the only assassin.

Fox explores, to begin with, the all-important matter of the number of shots fired and their point of origin. Some witnesses say three shots were fired, others two, some four or more. While only three cartridges were found on the floor of the room where Oswald's rifle was discovered, at least two shots hit Kennedy, one by common acknowledgement missed altogether, and one hit Texas Governor John Connally. Which would make a total of four shots to fit only three cartridges.

The natural conclusion would be that someone other than Oswald was shooting at Kennedy from some other spot along the parade route. This hypothesis is supported by the further facts that the doctors examining Kennedy in Dallas believed the wound in the front of his neck was an entry wound, which would mean it could not have been inflicted by Oswald in back of him; that the FBI agent who examined Kennedy's clothing said the entry wound in his back was well below the shoulder, which would mean the bullet making that wound, fired from above, could not have exited high up on the front of the President's neck; and that many witnesses said they heard shots coming from in front of or beside the President.

The Warren Commission dismisses these considerations on the strength of the three spent cartridges, and assumes, contrary to Connally's own testimony and in the absence of supporting evidence, that one of the bullets which struck Kennedy also hit Connally. But it is not necessary to deny the existence of those cartridges, or the fact that Oswald fired the shots of which they are the residue, to entertain the possibility of other shots having been fired from some other place. Additional shots are incompatible only with the Commission's notion that Oswald acted alone, which is an assumption and not a demonstrated fact.

Fox is also skeptical of the Commission's finding that Jack Ruby's murder of Oswald, like Oswald's attack on Kennedy, was a purely random, irrational event. Fox notes the extraordinary fact that Oswald, when he encountered and shot officer J. D. Tippit, was only two blocks from Ruby's home. Is it possible Oswald was on his way to see Ruby? The Warren Commission neither noted this curious coincidence nor, on the record, explored any of the natural questions it raises.

Equally peculiar is the diabolically accurate timing which enabled Ruby to kill Oswald. There were only a few seconds, during the transfer of Oswald from Dallas Police Headquarters to the County Jail, when he was exposed and vulnerable. Most reporters covering the case and following events closely thought these seconds would occur at 10 o'clock Sunday morning. In point of fact the transfer did not take place until more than an hour later. Yet Ruby, supposedly setting out to kill Oswald that morning with no special information, took his time about getting to the jail, posted a telegram at 11:17,

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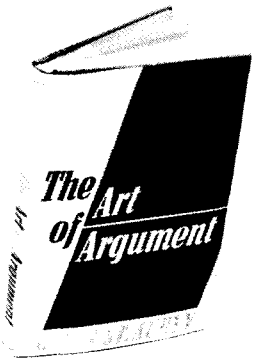

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and arrived on the scene at exactly the right moment to intercept and murder Oswald. The absolute perfection of this feat of timing was noted, in his rambling testimony, by Ruby himself. "Who else," he asked, "could have timed it so perfectly by seconds?"

As if these items were not remarkable enough, there is also the testimony of Dallas police sergeant Patrick Dean, who said Ruby, contrary to the official conclusion that he decided to kill Oswald on impulse Sunday morning, told Dean he had planned the murder as early as Friday night. For so saying, Dean also testified, he was roundly berated by a lawyer for the Warren Commission.

All such matters are explained away, in the Warren Report, by the assumption that Oswald and Ruby both acted irrationally and alone. Fox believes the theory that two such grotesque acts could occur in sequence without rational motivation is less logical and less supported by the evidence, than the alternative of conspiracy. Various fragments of evidence suggest, Fox avers, that another person was involved in the assassination, that Ruby was in some way connected with Oswald, and that Ruby's murder of Oswald may have been impelled by a very logical motive indeed—to insure Oswald's silence.

In so arguing, Fox brings to light still other oddities, including the destruction of two vital pieces of evidence. Although Oswald was interrogated for a total of twelve hours, the Commission ambiguously states the officer in charge "kept no notes." The fact is that the officer *took* notes, but apparently disposed of them later. Similarly, notes on the autopsy of the President's body were, on the affidavit of the doctor involved, "destroyed by burning." These notes could have had important bearing on the position of the President's wounds and therefore on the question of where his assailant or assailants were situated. The Commission asked for no explanation of either of these acts of destruction, nor did it examine the X-rays and photographs of the President's body.

Finally, there is the matter of Oswald's political connections, which Fox notes in passing but which might itself make an interesting book. The Warren Report attributes minimal significance to Oswald's involvement in the Castro-financed Fair Play for

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Cuba Committee, his defection to the Soviet Union, and his professed allegiance to revolutionary Marxism. The Fair Play group, in particular, is touched on far more briefly than are various right-wing activities in Dallas which had no demonstrable connection with Oswald. Also deserving more attention than it gets is the strange circumstance that, although the FBI had a file on Oswald, no precautions were taken concerning him (as they *were* taken concerning known right-wing agitators) during the President's visit; the Warren Commission blames the FBI for this, but the evidence indicates the real fault lies with the criteria for spotting suspects—aimed at "right-wing extremists"—foisted upon the Bureau from on high. (Two Dallas police officials say an FBI man informed them, immediately after the assassination, that Oswald, a Communist, had killed the President. Asked why he had not told them about Oswald before, the FBI man, according to one of the police officers, "said he couldn't." The FBI man in question denied the testimony of both these witnesses.)

Of a piece with this total confusion is the fact that, although Oswald was a Marxist and a defector to the Soviet Union, married to the niece of an MVD agent, he was not only given permission to return to the United States, but provided money with which to make the trip by the American embassy in Moscow; and that, having in addition become involved with the Fair Play committee upon his return, he applied for and was immediately granted a passport to travel to Russia a mere five months before he shot Kennedy.

None of this proves there was a Communist plot, or any other kind of plot, to murder President Kennedy, or that the Warren Commission's conclusions are necessarily in error. It does suggest that the Commission has failed to establish its own conclusions persuasively, and that the "unanswered questions" about the assassination remain unanswered.

Theater

Mortal Messengers on Broadway

NATHAN COHEN

TO THE EXTENT that any subject can be said to dominate this Broadway season, that subject is the power and world view of the Roman Catholic Church, and the imperfectibility of its mortal messengers. One way or another, the fact of Catholicism, as an historical and contemporary force, has occupied the minds of a large number of dramatists in our time. Now it has come up for consideration in Peter Shaffer's *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* and John Whiting's *The Devils,* both costume plays, both written by Englishmen who are non-Catholic.

The Royal Hunt of the Sun is the kind of drama which, when produced on an open stage where the march of the Spanish conquistadors and the ritual dances of the Incas can be described in opulent images of sound, light and movement, receives a respect out of all proportion to its content. In a proscenium stage theater where, despite all the procession and pageantry, you must pay attention to the words and thoughts, the hollowness of Mr. Shaffer's dramatic conceptualism is immediately evident. Briefly, his proposition is that Peru in the sixteenth century was a pagan paradise laid low by the Spanish invaders. The Incas were noble, uncorrupted savages until the white Christian made his murderous appearance. And of all the white murdering Christians none was as happily committed to pillage and destruction in the name of Jesus Christ as the Catholic priests.

Director John Dexter, who also did the play on the open, three-sided stage in Chichester, England, tries valorously to make this vulgarized nonsense seem pertinent. There is too an ambitious, though ultimately unsuccessful, performance by the talented Christopher Plummer as a cynical, middle-aged Spanish general who has a spiritual love affair with the beautiful, young Inca emperor. But the players generally are slack, the effects patently strained. For all that the play searches for the sunlight of historical truth and emotional

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poetry, it never crawls out of the dark cave of Mr. Shaffer's superficial ruminations.

With *The Devils,* we move to a much more sophisticated dramatic conjecture and interpretation. Like Mr. Shaffer, and Arthur Miller in *The Crucible,* Mr. Whiting is dealing with a real event—here, the conviction and execution by fire of a seventeenth century priest, Urban Grandier, for diabolism. Unlike the other two, however, Mr. Whiting is no self-righteous knight, charging in full armor with lance at the ready against a straw adversary. He has no ready-made answers, only agonizing questions about man in relation to himself, to his fellow man, to his conscience, to God. The story of the devils of Loudon allows him to enquire into the many-sided nature of man, and the paradoxical forces which lead men and organizations to acts of unimaginable wickedness and inspiring courage.

In *The Devils,* Urbain Grandier is charged with being Satan's agent, and filling the minds of the nuns at an Ursuline convent with lewd desires. But he has never been near the convent and is known to the hunchbacked young Mother Superior, who first accuses him, only by hearsay. Grandier himself is a man of perplexing contradictions, of which he is all too aware: highly principled and blatantly immoral, pagan yet ascetic, a political iconoclast who stirs the people by his words and scares them by his actions, a coward drawn to physical danger, a maker of powerful friends and intractable enemies.

Such a story lends itself to treatment in panoramic Elizabethan chronicle form. Mr. Whiting develops his plot in swift, sometimes very brief, scenes covering a period of a dozen years and twice that many sets. There are moments of pure sensationalism (the smashing of Grandier's legs, the nuns' fit before an audience of clerics), occasions of compelling intellectual debate, and interludes of tender intimacy and comedy. Furthermore, as a thoroughly modern writer, Mr. Whiting does not spare showing us the sexual nature of the women's dementia and the ironically different motives which weld the cabal of church, community and court against Grandier. The devil indeed makes strange bedfellows.

But the play's value goes far be-

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yond its scenes of built-in suspense and horror, or sharing of a common hindsight wisdom. It is something more than a shocker, "an exposé." Mr. Whiting is not quarreling with church or dogma. He is reflecting on the gulf between church principles and their actual application; he is calling attention to the perpetual discrepancy between lofty ideals and ignoble deeds; and he is wondering whether it will always be so. Artistically, the strength of *The Devils* lies in its excellent construction; the intelligence and clarity of its dialogue; the fusion of social and philosophical observation; the invention of fictional characters—notably a skeptical sewerman who is, in effect, Grandier's conscience—to give Grandier a personal frame of reference; and the portrait of Grandier, who goes to his death bravely, with an exalting, truly Christian love for his traducers and persecutors. In one way, Mr. Whiting is very daring. Urbain Grandier and the Mother Superior never met in life. They do not meet in the play either. To omit a confrontation scene between them takes a very considerable effort of will.

Alas for Mr. Whiting, his play comes to just intermittent life on Broadway. It has been wildly overdirected by Michael Cacoyannis, and the complex set of connecting platforms, archways, and scaffoldings by Rouben Ter-Arutunian is as obtrusive as it is ingenious. Most of the cast are competent but Anne Bancroft merely goes through the motions as the Mother Superior. As for Jason Robards, he denies Grandier a magnetic arrogance in earlier scenes, but in the last act he rises admirably and without false notes to the dramatic challenge. With more felicitous direction, what a performance he might have given.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

CONTRIBUTION AND REWARD, by Mogens V. Hermann (Exposition, $6.50). One of the goals of this work is the "merging of economics with geography, history, and psychology." With astonishing clarity and relevance the author shows what he means, using the equatorial civilizations and economies as his laboratory. Through Development Geography to Psycho-political Mechanism to Abstract Warfare to the Analysis of Chaos to Forced Industrialization, this is a trail-blazing book, well worth the attention of anyone who has ever wondered about foreign aid, central economic planning, or premature industrialization. The author has worked in a dozen countries around the world from Honduras to Ethiopia; was born in Denmark; writes idiomatic English; is a monetary economist and statistician; and considers the problems of economics as Roepke considers them: a portion of human life, to be treated by men who are interested not in economics alone but in human economics—including geography, history, psychology. This is a breath of fresh air. Let those who have noses breathe it.

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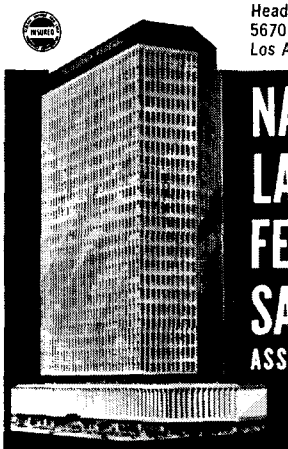
A SENSE OF LIFE, by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry (Funk & Wagnalls, $5.00). A prophet, with Bernanos, T. E. Lawrence and others, of the new international chivalry quietly growing among the world's youth, Saint-Exupéry is today included in virtually every important series of religious authors published in France. It is proper, for this man, this good Catholic who was not a member of the Church, spent his life at grips with the problem of all of us: "The agonizing dilemma is to discover where life is leading and to have to make a choice." He offered his solution in some of the most eloquent pages of our time in any language. This volume is a posthumously collected group of his miscellaneous pieces. None of them is indispensable to an understanding of their author's significance, but skilfully translated and appearing at a time when most persons are reading bad books, *A Sense of Life* is most worthwhile. It includes the earliest example we have of Saint Exupéry's work—an excerpt from *The Escape of Jacques Bernis*, now lost. There are also dispatches written from Spain and Soviet Russia for Paris newspapers. Whole passages of *Wind, Sand and Stars* were culled from this material, and in the essay, "We Must Give Meaning to Men's Lives," Saint-Exupéry expresses ideas that found their fulfilment in *The Wisdom of the Sands.*

G. PEPPER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THIS DELIGHTFUL OLD COLONIAL HOUSE will take your fancy with its 40 acres, 2 ponds and old barn. 5 bedrooms, completely modern kitchen and 3 fireplaces are all assets towards relaxing country living. Near lake for summer, skiing for winter, $40,000. For further details write or call MARCIA L. BURNHAM, Kent, Connecticut. 203-927-3117, or in New York City 988-0196.

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

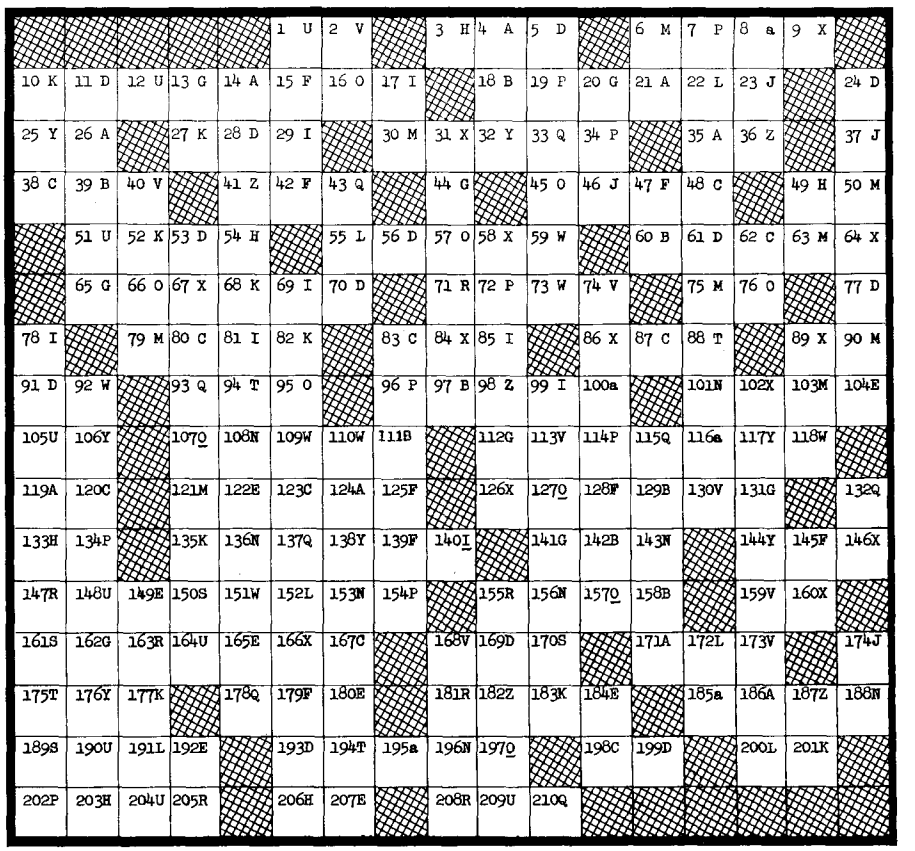
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
When the Crucifixion ended (2 wds.)	14 119 124 35 171 186 4 21 26
Each person without exception	18 39 60 97 111 129 142 158
Washington never slept here (2 wds.)	83 198 38 48 62 80 87 123 120 167
Juvenile opinions (right or wrong) (2 wds.)	70 169 5 11 28 24 53 56 61 91
	199 193 77
Half the world (recommended by Greeley for the young man)	122 104 149 165 180 184 192 207
A circus man	128 42 47 125 139 145 179 15
Type of court, becoming more prevalent	112 44 65 131 141 162 13 20
Country for which a refrigerator was named	133 49 54 203 206 3
The way Lyndon Johnson wants us to see (Ja!) (3 wds.)	140 17 29 69 78 81 85 99
American party that died from carrying water on both shoulders	174 23 46 37
Man who carried handful of Southern states plus one	201 27 68 135 177 183 10 52 82
It worked for Hitler —for a while (2 wds.)	55 200 22 152 172 191
The collection of money at church	75 50 6 30 63 79 90 103 121
Put your money here to double it	156 136 153 188 101 108 196 143

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. His work is in evidence during election campaigns—and after	107 66 157 16 45 57 95 127 197 76
P. How ambivalent politicians would like to vote on a measure	154 7 72 96 114 134 19 202 34
Q. How Adonis couldn't have walked with Venus de Milo (3 wds.)	178 210 33 93 115 132 137 43
R. River in Iowa and Missouri	181 163 71 147 208 155 205
S. That part of a cornice which projects to throw off rain water	189 170 150 161
T. Town, Dallam County, Texas (where Texas leaguer got its name?)	194 175 94 88
U. Royal burgh and county town, Argyllshire	1 148 164 105 12 209 190 204 51
V. American journalist, 1866-1936	74 159 40 2 168 113 130 173
W. When the bills for the Great Society will come due (3 wds.)	110 73 151 92 59 109 118
X. The greatest spender in history (2 wds.)	9 64 146 166 102 86 89 160 84 31
	126 58 67
Y. Rule infraction in football	25 176 144 106 138 117 32
Z. Family name of three Jewish grammarians, 12th & 13th cents. (one form)	36 182 98 41 187
a. Aviation term which means to get rid of certain accumulations	100 8 195 185 116

See page 8 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black lines indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



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For The Record

Brand new Americans for Constitutional Action score sheet shows Republican legislators far to right of Democrats. GOP senators in first session of 89th averaged out with 62.9 per cent ACA rating against 26.6 for Dems; in the House it was Republicans, 75.9 per cent; Democrats, 21.5. . . . A mid-December poll that asked: "If you had to register again today, would you register as a Democrat or as a Republican?" came out this way: Democrats, 63 million; Republicans, 39 million. . . . Ronald Reagan expected to make his formal announcement this week. . . . In Pittsburgh, conservative Ted Humes will enter congressional primary against Republican Rep. James Fulton early in January. Fulton's vote for repeal of 14(b) was what set Pittsburgh's conservative GOPers to looking for a new man in Washington. Expected Fulton tactic: to try to pin John Birch tag on Humes.

What to expect when Congress reconvenes: A big switch from economy as Sen. Russell Long (D., La.) takes over chairmanship of Finance Committee from Harry Byrd. (Long, son of Huey, nephew of Earl, comes from free-spending milieu.) . . . Sen. John McClellan's special Senate Judiciary subcommittee will hold hearings on legislation designed to reverse recent Supreme Court decisions that hamper criminal prosecutions. . . . Sen. Dirksen says he'll head the battle against repeal of 14(b) again next session; that he won't compromise on that (there was talk of tacking certain clauses restricting labor privileges to right-to-work repeal as palliative to conservatives). . . . Guess who is chief investigator for Adam Clayton Powell's probe into federal poverty programs? None other than James McCarthy, who resigned as Director of NYC Mobilization for Youth in Sept. 1964 after that organization had been charged with employment of subversives and lavish spending practices. . . . May be out as Treasurer of Democratic Party: Richard Maguire. Maguire thought up gimmick of having corporations advertise in Democratic Party programs as fund-raising maneuver. His successor could be Arthur Krim of United Artists.

Original organizer of three-continent (Asia, Africa, Latin America) anti-Western extravaganza in Havana this week was Ben Barka, the exiled Moroccan leader recently kidnaped in Paris. His successor, Ysef El Sebai, claims "imperialists" kidnaped Ben Barka to break up the Havana conference. . . . The well-informed Latin America Report has noted an influx of Brazilians into Cuba

London Express Service

"Brothers, we're on our way again . . ."

for training as subversives. . . . Some recent Cuban refugees say they were "asked" to donate a pint of blood before receiving exit visas. . . . French news sources report Ho Chi Minh made secret trip to Peking in mid-December to consult with Mao Tse-tung in person over Vietnam war. . . . According to Reuters, Communist forces in Laos (the late Pathet Lao) are now calling themselves the "People's Liberation Army."

Biggest sell-out in New Jersey legislative history: official text of the new anti-obscenity bill, so filled with examples of same it's having to go into second printing.

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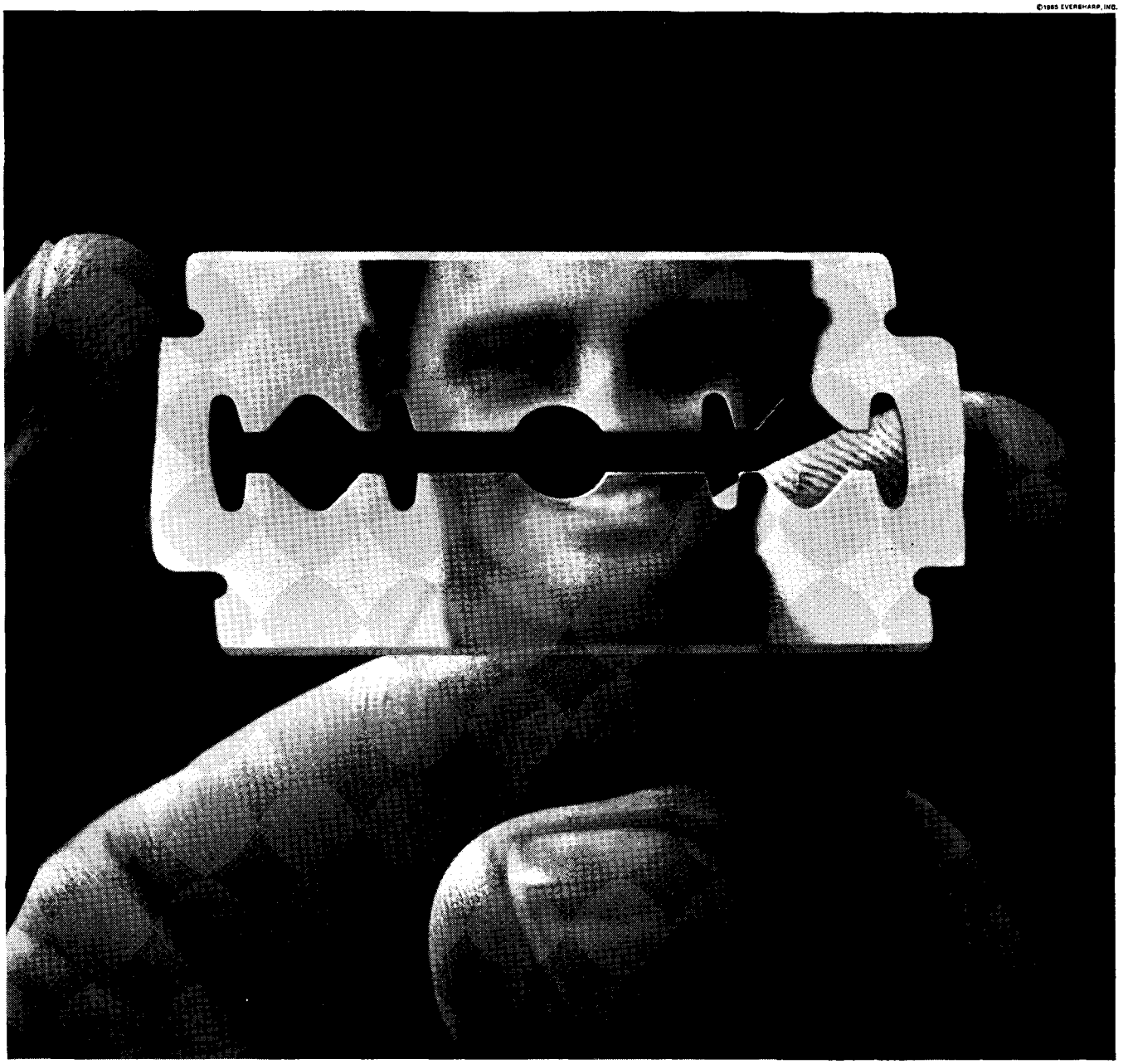

Look into Eversharp—the new chrome stainless blade with the Miron coated CONVEX EDGE

It's made possible by a new stainless steel formula. Low carbon, high chrome stainless called Swedish ***FINE-GRAIN**** and developed especially for us. It sharpens sharper. Holds its smoothness longer. Even than the best stainless used before. The fine-grain makes possible our new Convex Edge, Miron coated to glide friction-free over your skin for an unusually comfortable shave. Four mirror smooth blades $1. Pamper yourself.

* ***FINE-GRAIN*** DESIGNATION OF SPECIAL STEEL BY AKTIEBOLAGET MATADORVERKEN, HALMSTAD, SWEDEN.

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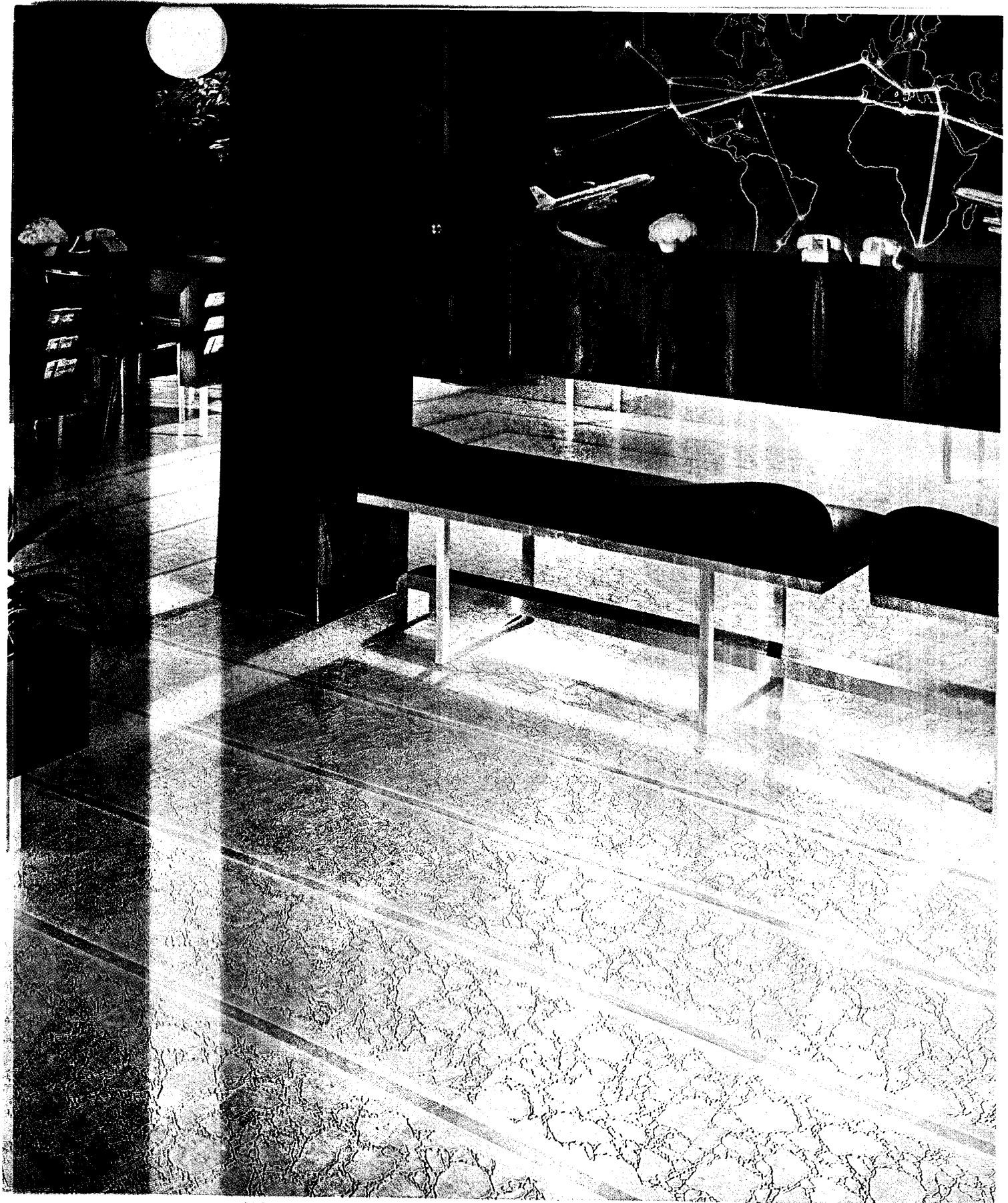

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KENTILE
VINYL FLOORS

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Natural beauty, heavy duty—Au Naturel! Kentile's new, deeper-textured vinyl tile. Extra thickness. Extra comfort underfoot. Economical, too. Helps hide uneven underfloors. Easy to maintain.

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